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PEACE AND WRONG.

There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit,
With grave responses listening unto it;
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O, son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, into the monster's face,
In pity said, "Even thee I love."
Lo! as he spoke the sky-tall terror sank;
To hand-breath size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove,
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird,
"Hate hath no charm for Love," so ran the song,
"And Peace, unweaponed, conquers every wrong."

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV—(CONTINUED.)

IT was over—all over!

The curtain had descended, the band in full had struck up an inspiriting gavotte, but the cheering and the uproar in the theatre were tremendous, and killed all sound of the orchestra.

"Thunders of applause" was a phrase which I had often heard and read of; now for the first time I thoroughly comprehended what it meant. I realised by-and-by that I was once more in the manager's room, with Aurora laughing and crying in turn upon my shoulder, and with Mr. Binkworthy himself, the tears in his eyes, shaking my hand with an energy that was absolutely terrific. There too, in perfect evening attire, had appeared Lord Tracy—a privileged patron of the establishment—his glass screwed into his eye, astonishment unspeakable stamped upon every feature.

"Bai Jove, Mrs. Darkwood," he gasped at last—"who'd have thought it? Never was I more astonished in my life, Mrs. Darkwood! Bai Jove!"

"Madame Fleurette, my lord—Madame Fleurette!" cried Mr. Binkworthy hysterically. "This lady is not 'Mrs. Darkwood' here, if you please my lord!"

"Bai Jove!" uttered his lordship again, this time more deliberately and wonderingly than ever. It was too much; he "could not take it in in a moment," as the Viscount vaguely expressed it. He must have time.

Here some employe of the theatre put his hand round the manager's door.

"Mr. Binkworthy, sir," said the messenger hurriedly, "they won't be quiet, nor they won't listen to the Brothers Bouquet. The noise is something awful, and the gentlemen of the orchestra don't know what to be at. Apparently the angcores ain't satisfied 'em, sir, for they're a-shouting and a-hallooing again for Madame Fleurette."

"That means that they want me to lead you on, my dear Madame Fleurette," explained Mr. Binkworthy, offering me his hand for the ceremony. His state of delight was simply indescribable. You won't refuse 'em?" said he quite piteously.

"No; I will go with you if you wish it," I answered.

I spoke mechanically—I smiled mechanically—and yet I was conscious that I felt deeply thankful, and I believe very happy, to know, to be certain, that I had triumphed on this terrible night.

And so a carpenter upon either side of the stage pulled back the drop-curtain, and the stout manager, glittering with his wondrous jewelry, himself stepped before the footlights, gallantly leading me by the hand.

How the people shouted, stamped, cheered, raved! The deafening roar is in my ears still. Never, never shall I forget it! It seemed to me that they were all standing up in a mass, waving their hats and their pockethandkerchiefs.

"Bow to them, madame—bow to them; they expect it," whispered Mr. Binkworthy hoarsely.

I suppose I looked—as in truth I was—helplessly, utterly bewildered; wondering insensibly, it may be, whether what I had done really merited this hurricane of enthusiasm, this extraordinary tempest of excitement and approbation. Thus awakened by my manager to the etiquette of the situation, with what self-command I could muster I bowed to the right and to the left—with what grace, in the trying circumstances, the act was performed I cannot say! And then, amidst another wild outburst to the "Bravo!"-shouting and the hand-clapping, I was at length permitted to retire.

But Mr. Binkworthy remained for a few minutes upon the stage by himself in order to make a quite tearful little speech in front of the curtain—thanking his overflowing audience for the generous and enthusiastic reception which they had accorded to Madame Fleurette—"a stranger and a foreigner in London," he might almost say—and assuring all present that until further notice she would continue to sing nightly at the Levity, and at the Levity only. And now, with their kind permission, the Brothers Bouquet, old Levity favorites, would, et-ceteras.

Perrier-Jouet flowed without stint that night in the manager's cosy sanctum; and Mr. Binkworthy begged hard that Aurora and I—and of course Lord Tracy—would accompany him home to supper.

His little 'ouse was at 'Ighgate, a snug enough little crib; his house-keeper—he had the misfortune to be a widower—the best soul alive, expected us; and indeed, said he, he could positively take no denial. Mr. Binkworthy pleaded eloquently; my success, which was his success, and the repeated bumpers of champagne in which he had drowned all anticipation of failure, rendered him touchingly in earnest now; but he pleaded to no effect.

My work was done. I was going straight-was homeward to my quiet lodgings. Isla, my darling, my all in the world, was there—perhaps she was even awake and watching for my return.

Lord Tracy offered at once to drive us in his brougham to Primrose Hill; for Aurora had stated her intention of going home with me.

"No, Loftus," said she flatly, "we don't want you to-night, dear boy; you'd be one too many, and that's the truth. You go back to your box and see the ballet; you adore the ballet, I know. And this evening, just to console you for once in a way, you may ogle Topsie Tiverton. I shall not be jealous."

The Viscount grumbled, scowled through his glass, and said, "Hang Topsie Tiverton!" But Miss de Vere was inexorable.

"I brought Mrs. Darkwood down here to-night," said she coolly, "and to-night I intend to take her home. I have lots to say to her—so Loftus, my dear, good-bye. And, Loftus, be sure you remember what I have told you, and keep a quiet tongue in your head until I see you to-morrow. You understand, dear? Ta, ta!"

And so Aurora and I, as we had started, drove back alone together in a hansom to Primrose Hill. But, when Lord Tracy had closed the narrow doors of the cab—he had escorted us to the stage-door—and the driver had let down the window, for the night was raw and a drizzling mist had begun to fall, Aurora put her arm about my waist and hugged me close to her side.

My head dropped heavily to her bosom then, and I burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

The end of November was near—a November dull and dreary enough, with horrid choking fogs and brief dark days, throughout which sometimes the sickly yellow gas was everywhere kept burning, day and evening alike.

I was still living, unmolested by Daryl, with Mrs. Sadler in Bentham Street, though divers changes had been going on elsewhere. A change that I deplored as sincerely as did the manager of the Levity himself was the loss of my truehearted friend Aurora Ramage. When we should meet again I know not; nor did she; and Aurora, as it chanced, was about the worst correspondent alive. I heard nothing now of the doings of the house in Chesterfield Avenue; nothing of Mrs. Ramage and her lodgers; nothing of Daryl Darkwood's movements, nor of those of Herr von Rosenberg. I was ignorant whether my husband was still in London, or whether he had migrated elsewhere.

I missed Aurora sorely; missed her frequent calls in Bentham Street—for never a week used to go by without her looking in two or three times to see how Isla was—and her friendly, her wise companionship at the theatre more than all.

She had; as she had told me that she shortly would, given up the stage "for good;" and her marriage with Lord Tracy was fixed to take place at the begining of the coming February.

Aurora, in these dismal November days, was, luckily for her, in the country, staying at the house of two rich aunts of her future husband—large-hearted and most amiable old ladies, spinster-sisters, who adored their nephew Loftus, and who would have done anything to please him that he asked of them.

For his sake they cordially received Aurora Ramage at their delightful country-house, and there introduced her to all of Lord Tracy's friends and relatives who felt well disposed towards the young man—to all of them, that is, except his father and his mother, the Earl and the Countess, who, in dark and terrible displeasure, remained shut up at Starch, nursing their wrath in the ancestral hall of the family—which hall, by-the-way, was not yet fifty years old—sternly refusing to have anything to do with Aurora. They would not, it was said, even tolerate the bare mention of her name. A very high and mighty pair were the Earl and Countess of Starch.

They had set their parental hearts upon the Lady Cassandra Bearwarden alliance—Lady Cassandra, who was five-and-thirty, if she was a day, very plain, very blue-blooded, and with a quarter of a million of her own. And Lady Cassandra Bearwarden, the great folk at Starch well knew, might on any day be had for the asking. Poor Aurora!

Lord Tracy's father was the first Earl of his line; and his young lordship's mother had been a Miss Coggins, the only daughter of an "h-less" but immensely wealthy Alderman of the City of London. But that was years ago, and—well, things had altered strangely since then, and the whilom Miss Coggins had, by a freak of fortune, blossomed into the Countess of Starch.

I had leaped into sudden favor at the Levity; and from the night of my first appearance at Mr. Binkworthy's theatre of varieties my position as "first star" there had remained unchallenged. It was my invariable custom to arrive at the theatre a few minutes before I was due upon the stage; afterwards to quit the place the moment I had performed my duty. I do not remember ever exchanging a single word with any one "artist," male or female, engaged at the Levity, with the notable exception of Miss de Vere. They were not all like Aurora, and that is the unpleasant truth. I believe I was accredited by the rest of the company with all sorts of ugly qualities, a "disgusting" pride heading the list, being generally known and spoken of at the theatre as "that Madame Fleurette." It is surprising what a world of scorn can, if desired, be packed into the simple little word "that."

Of course, too, my great and swift popularity was much against me; and the spite of a jealous tongue is the worst of venom. Mr. Binkworthy however was my abject vassal, in every possible manner he made things as smooth for me as it was in his power to make them.

By this date I was quite at home in my nightly work at the theatre, and no nervous fit, no attack of stage-fright ever overtook me now. I did my work as conscientiously as I could, and was liberally paid for so doing it. Thirty pounds a week Mr. Binkworthy was giving me; after Christmas I was to be paid forty. Out of my weekly salary I spent perhaps three pounds; the remainder, on every Monday morning, I took to a bank near Bentham Street—feeling deeply thankful that a goodly provision was accumulating against the coming of a rainy day. The future is never, alas, sure! The sun at dawn may rise in glory, and at eventide set in gloom.

Whatever was right or necessary for Isla, that she had in abundance. But, for myself, I continued to live with the utmost frugality in those cheap apartments I had found near Primrose Hill. And yet, in spite of all my care and cherishing, the child did not get back her "Thangate roses."

It fretted me cruelly to perceive this, to note how white and thin were the little arms, to hear with what difficulty she breathed sometimes after too quickly mounting the steep kitchen stairs. But Isla—sweet patient little soul—never complained. She always said that she was "quite well," only rather tired now and then—that was all; and once she unexpectedly asked me whether I remembered how Mr. Eversleigh used to carry her up to the cliff—always on a hot day—when she was tired at Thangate.

"Yes, dear, perfectly," I answered, and changed the subject. We never talked of Mr. Eversleigh now.

There were times when I felt downright ill myself—ill from a sheer anxiety that was worse than physical pain, for its intensity robbed me of my sleep at night and kept me wretched throughout the day.

The increasing delicacy of the child was not to be mistaken. A mother's eyes, at all events, were not to be shut to the fact. The conviction that she should not be allowed to remain in London began to haunt my imagination; I felt certain that the thick moist air, with its deadly early chill, the "pea-soup" fogs, the dismal sunless days, were by degrees working fatal mischief to the fragile constitution of my darling.

This torturing idea having gripped me, as it were, body and soul, I forthwith took her to a famous Harley Street physician—Doctor Grace. Should it cost me a whole week's earnings, I would obtain his opinion without delay.

"The little one is undoubtedly delicate—indeed very delicate," he said blandly. "But, with regard to her living in London—and you say that you are by circumstances compelled to be in London just

now—why, you must know that a great many delicate children are obliged to live in town all the year round, and yet eventually they grow as strong as their more sturdy-born brothers and sisters. I am sure I need hardly tell you that you should take care of her."

"I do take care of her," I replied almost passionately.

"Is there," inquired the great man—who, in bodily appearance at any rate, was small and wizened—as blandly as before, "any tendency at all to consumption in your family, or in that of your husband, will you tell me?"

"I—I do not know," I answered uneasily. I felt that I had changed color—turned somewhat pale.

"You do not know?"—smiling a faint surprise.

"No," I said shortly; and then, with an indefinable sense of shame, or sometimes like it, I felt the paleness going and a hot flush taking its place.

The physician pressed the question no further; but, turning to the escritoire before which he sat, he began to write a prescription, murmuring softly as his pen scratched the paper that "we must be careful—very careful—to avoid all coughs and colds."

It was soon done; and with a few courteous words he handed the prescription to me in return for the two-guinea fee which was the cost of a five-minutes' consultation with the famous Doctor Grace.

"If she is no better," said he, tenderly touching Isla's cheek with his cool shrivelled white forefinger, "at the end of a month, bring her to me again, will you? Thank you. Good morning."

He shook hands; bowed us out, and I left the doctor's big gloomy house feeling, to speak the truth, but poorly comforted by the interview. If only I could get away from vast cruel London to some quiet sea-girt hamlet upon the south or the south-west coast, where the air, was pure and balmy even in winter and deadly yellow fogs were not! But in the country what work could I find to do—work, at all events, that would furnish the requisite luxuries for Isla—work that would pay me like my singing for Mr. Binkworthy? A ray of hope flashed across my mind. Would—oh, would the manager, I wondered, grant me a respite, a brief holiday? If he would, I could in that case well afford to take the child for a few weeks to Bournemouth or to Ventnor—perhaps to the Devon coast, or even as far as Cornwall.

On that very evening I determined to ask Mr. Binkworthy whether or not he would let me go. A breath from the tone and health giving ocean might at this season of the year do wonders for Isla. Thanget in the winter would of course be too bleak for her. If anywhere, this time it must be the south.

Accordingly that night, before I quitted the theatre, I plucked up courage to speak to the manager. But his face grew long as he comprehended what I wanted; he scratched his chin in silence; and, to my dismay, I perceived that Mr. Binkworthy regarded my scheme unfavorably.

"You see—you see, Madame Fleurette," he said at last, in a halting and deprecating manner, as if loath—as I believe at the moment he honestly was—to cause me the least distress, "you have hooked on first-class, as I knew you would, with my audience here—there ain't a more popular singer that you are just now at the Levity, nor at any other place in London, if it comes to that—and—and it would be a small fortune out of my pocket if—if you was to cry off before the termination of your engagement. And—and I don't wish to appear unfeelin' or unkind in any way—but an agreement is an agreement, you know, and—and—— Come," he broke off more blithely—"don't you think you are perhaps jest a wee bit over-anxious about the little gal? Mothers are so quick to take alarm—all of 'em alike; or, if you are bent on her going into the country, ain't there some well-disposed relative you've got out of town, an uncle or an aunt or a married sister or somebody, as 'ud agree to take care of her, if you made it worth their while, until the winter's over and the warm weather comes round again—eh?"

"There is no one," I answered desolately. I felt that I could have cried like a school-girl with sick disappointment.

Mr. Binkworthy laid a fatherly hand—a hand, as usual, adorned with many a massive ring—upon my shoulder, and for a few moments he kept it there.

"Well, cheer up, madame," he said, meaning to be kind, but at the same time careful lest a too-sentimental generosity should cause him to stumble where he should remain firm in his own interests, "and don't give way to the dumps! You'll magnify trifles if you do—make mountains out of mole-hills and all that. There, there"—patting me on the shoulder—"we'll see about it by-and-by—we'll see what can be done. I dare say we shall be able to manage it by-and-by. But—but it wants a little thinking over, you know; it can't be done in a hurry. We'll talk about it another day, Madame Fleurette."

I sighed in a hopeless manner. "Another day," I was drearily convinced, would be slow in coming if it were left to Mr. Binkworthy to fix the date of it.

"Thank you. Good night, Mr. Binkworthy," said I, without looking at him. I rolled up my music mechanically, and went home.

My heart was leaden that night—heavy and full of bitter rebellion. I was a slave—in bondage—chained to the oar, it seemed, with my freedom gone! I must submit uncomplainingly to the will of a task-master who held life itself more cheaply than gold.

Adhering to my rule of strict economy in all matters touching my present mode of life, it was my habit to journey to and from the theatre in omnibuses which ran conveniently past the corner of Bentham Street.

But to-night I somehow felt that I could not endure the jolting and the crowding, the cold damp straw underfoot, the dim malodorous oil-lamps overhead, which are such distinct and familiar features of that public abomination the London 'bus.

I felt in truth wretched and lonely, unutterably heart-sick and depressed. The future loomed menacing, full of trouble the gloom. The slow rumbling movement of an omnibus, with its perpetual, maddening stoppages, would in my present condition of mind have been torture unendurable—would have sent me crazy outright. I hailed a passing hansom with a good horse, and so was driven rapidly home.

I had my own key, and let myself into the house. But I met Mrs. Sadler in the passage, carrying a water-can, she being on her way up-stairs.

"How is Isla?" were my first words.

"Well, 'm," replied Mrs. Sadler, with her usual doleful air, "the little dear really did seem very porely after you was gone. She complained of a sore throat, and I fetched her some lozengers—at least, old Mr. Jones did, who came down and have been sitting with her; and now she seems got a bit more chirrupy like."

"She's awake then?"

"Oh, yes, 'm! She was a few minutes ago."

"Is old Mr. Jones still sitting with her?"

"Oh, yes, 'm!" said Mrs. Sadler again; and with her can of water she went sighing up-stairs.

I moved into the sitting-room, unfastening my cloak as I went, and passed quickly into the bed-room beyond it.

"My darling," I cried, trying to speak joyously, "mamma is come home!"

Isla, sucking lozenges and wide awake, was however alone; for old Mr. Jones had vanished—had disappeared, I suppose, by the other door.

It was always the case. I had frightened the old man away!

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT WAS heart-breaking work, this having to go on with a duty which with each day was becoming to me more irksome and distasteful.

The novelty, the excitement of the first week or so had worn off, and I was growing downright to hate my nightly work at the Levity. In my soul I had never liked it; my natural instinct, my inherent prejudices with regard to a stage-life for a woman were reviving with increased force.

Yet, if Aurora had still been at the theatre to cheer my flagging spirit and to bear me company, or if Isla, whom I was compelled every evening to leave at home in Bentham street, either in the care of Mrs. Sadler—who was continually remarking that the child was "fading away like"—or in that of shadowy old Mr. Jones, had not looked so white and wistful, so unchild-like and pathetic in her patient suffering, it would not have been so miserable—it would not have been so hard to bear.

Ah, no! If Aurora had still been my stage-companion, and if the health of my dear little girl had kept unbroken, I should doubtless have been able and willing to go on singing for Mr. Binkworthy, if not with a heart thoroughly at ease, at any rate with one free from that gnawing pain of unrest and discontent, that terrible leaden sense of near calamity, which oppressed me daily now.

It was anguish for me to leave the child when evening came; for I knew that, in spite of her patient little smile, she was really ill, and indeed needed my tenderest care.

But my master at the theatre was inexorable in an affable sort of way; and once having securely got me, he refused to let me go. If his glove, so to speak, was silken, the hand beneath it was of unyielding iron.

Unfortunately I seemed to be more popular than ever at the Levity, and the spirits of Mr. Binkworthy in consequence rose higher and higher.

Offers from managers of similar places of entertainment came to me now in abundance; but the terms of agreement between me and my first manager precluded all possibility of my acceptance of any one of them.

Oh, the irony of fate! One man, who, it appeared, had a "temple of varieties" at Marmouth Bay—a healthy flourishing seaport upon the south west coast—wrote and begged me to come and sing at his theatre. I might name my own terms, he said, and all the journey-expenses should be paid to me.

And yet it was impossible—impossible! Oh, sad, sad word—sad and hopeless sometimes as "good-bye" itself! Nevertheless what would I not have given, what would I not have done, to be free to turn my back upon cruel London, and to carry off my darling to Marmouth Bay?

And nightly at the Levity I was greeted with deafening cheers, my most pathetic ballads winning for me the greatest storm of applause. My heart was breaking, tears were often in my voice; and I sang my melancholy songs straight from the heart, I suppose.

"She sings with true feeling—true as it is rare; that, sir, is the charm of Madame Fleurette, the secret of her success," I overheard some one saying close to me upon the pavement, on one occasion as I was hurriedly leaving the theatre to catch my omnibus hard by. "That women, sir, feels every word she sings, bless you. There was real tears in her eyes to-night, I saw them distinctly."

True feeling! Real tears! Ay, my friend, even so. The feeling was there and was real enough; the tears were there, and were real enough; but who of them amongst that audience which crammed the theatre, smoking and drinking and ripe for the evening's amusement, and which stared at and applauded with wild delight the pale dark-haired woman in her simple black gown, guessed—or would have cared a straw had they known—that the singer herself was the unhappiest of women, and that her songs, in very truth, came straight from her breaking heart?

And, in response to a tumultuous encore for "The Better Land," I had that night, at Mr. Binkworthy's request—or shall I say his command?—sung them the jaunty "Thady O'Flynn."

"Must give 'em grave and gay," whispered the manager hoarsely. "They don't like too much of the one, nor too much of the other—'not too much sentiment, but just sentiment enough,' don't ye know? If you make 'em cry at first, you must get them to laugh afterwards. That's the way to fetch 'em."

"Thady O'Flynn"—think of it—and my little child dying at home!

Dying? Ah, me! Could it be true? Well, they told me so—though I did not, would not believe them. Dying? Oh, no! Why should there be any talk of death?

"You are wrong—you are wrong!" I said passionately. "The child was delicate from her birth, has always been delicate—always, always, always! Do you not understand? She is no worse now than she has been before. She never was like other children—never—my sweet fragile little Isla!"

No, I would not believe them. Heaven, I said, never could be so cruel as to take from me my little child, whose innocent existence had been to me the one perfect joy, the one bright star of hope, as it were in those heavy and sorrowful years of my life since Daryl Darkwood had made me his wife.

I believe now, looking back to those sad days in Bentham street, that my grief had in some wise touched my brain, for I could not, try how I would, quite realize that I was soon to be left alone—utterly alone—alone for evermore.

No friend, no husband, no child! Alone. Well, if that ever should come to pass—and I would not believe it to be possible—Death would perhaps then be merciful and summon me too.

I could not, cared not to live without my child. If Isla must go—why, I too would go "in a minute," would quickly follow her; there should be "no time to be vext."

Life robbed of my darling would be life no longer to me, but at best, a living death. That could not be borne. Surely life is not worth living when one has lost one's all in it.

There were times when I wept myself half crazy, lying prone upon my bed, with my hands clutching the pillows—wept until the fount of my tears was dry, and the storm of sobs was wholly spent. Then I would rise, loosen my hair, and plunge my disfigured face into a bath of cold water; the next moment laughing hysterically to think that I should have been fool enough to weep at all.

What was there to weep for? Nothing. Isla, after all, was not going to die. And yet, with my palms pressed hard to my temples, I remembered dully that I had again taken her for advice to the famed Doctor Grace; and not only to that renowned physician, but likewise to other eminent men of his profession.

And did they not now one and all say the same thing—that the child was doomed—had not long to live; that she had fallen into a swift decline; that no power nor skill upon earth, no change from town to country could hold the little wan pilgrim back from "the straight and dreadful pass?"

But of course they did not speak the truth. Doctors always exaggerate—especially in cases of decline. Nevertheless why, I wonder, did I one day write off wildly to Aurora and tell her, with tears raining upon the paper beneath my pen, what those foolish doctors had said?

On the very next day Aurora, laden with gifts for Isla, appeared in dingy Bentham street, having travelled by express up to town from the country place she was stopping at, and fell upon her bosom, crying piteously.

I remember her telling me very kindly and seriously that Daryl should be sent for; he was, she believed, still living at her mother's house in Chesterfield avenue. He ought—for right was right, said Aurora—to see his child, to know that she was ill; it was wrong and unnatural to keep him in ignorance of his little daughter's state.

But at this I exclaimed angrily—

"He shall not come here! He cares for neither of us! I forbid you, Aurora—do you hear?—I forbid you to tell Daryl where I am! Recollect, please, that you promised to keep my secret; and never will I forgive you if you break your word!"

I forget how Aurora reasoned with me on the matter; but she spoke of Christian love and charity, of the divine qualities of mercy and forgiveness, and was altogether very gentle and good.

It was nobler to forgive than to be forgiven, she said. But I was firm, stubborn, in my passion and despair. Voluntarily I would never see Daryl Darkwood again.

And, when Aurora was going away, she sat down and took the child upon her knee, and hid her face on my darling's neck. I heard her soft slow tender kisses; but why—why did she keep her face hidden for so long?

"What are you doing?" I said to her sharply.

Aurora looked up; her eyes were wet. Strange!

"I—I was saying good-bye," she answered gently—"that is all."

"One would think—one would think," said I, in a tone of reproach—why did the mere effort of speech seem to suffocate me?—"that—that you were saying good-bye for ever. Why make such a fuss about it? You used," I added querulously, "to be so practical, so sensible. You have grown silly and sentimental, Aurora."

"Oh no, I haven't!" she answered quietly.

And then she had to hasten from Bentham street to catch her train—Euston, I think she said, was her station.

After Aurora had gone that day, the twilight, I remember, seemed to come on very suddenly; and, with the wintry gloaming, snow, in small eddying flakes, was driven against the windows by the bleak north breeze. I stared at the lamps as they were being lighted in the street. They looked quite dim, and flickered miserably. The snow, then, was thicker than it appeared, thought I.

Snow? Why, it must be December, of course—nearly mid-December, in fact! How time sped! Christmas would soon be with us, I was musing—Christmas, that holy season of "peace and goodwill towards men." What did it mean, that much-vaunted peace and goodwill on earth towards men? Did it mean mirth, happiness, plenty—a healing, an alleviation of all earthly suffering and distress? That could not be when, in wretched fireless attics and cellars, the very poor—men, women, and children alike—were naked

frozen, starving outright; and when the rich, clad in purple and fine linen, fared sumptuously by their blazing hearths every day! What an unfair and a heartless old world it was! And what a lonely Christmas festival mine and Isla's would be!

When it was time for me to dress and to start for the theatre, Isla was still lying upon the sofa drawn near to the fire, the child's favorite place, with a warm gray woollen shawl of mine partly covering her. She did not want to go to bed just yet, she said; she was not very tired—not very; and Mrs. Sadler could undress her and put her in her cot when she was ready. Besides, old Mr. Jones, she informed me, had bought her a new story-book full of beautiful pictures, and all about a "poor cock-robin who was killed by a wicked sparrow with his bow and arrow;" and old Mr. Jones, by-and-by, when I was gone, was coming down to read it to her—Isla—and to sit with her perhaps "until mamma came back from the theatre."

The cruel hacking cough seized her unexpectedly—a sound which smote and racked my heart with an anguish beyond expression—and my darling could tell me no more. The paroxysm over, white as a snowdrop she lay upon my breast.

I waited with her, soothed her, till she was better again, gave her some port-wine and water and some calf's-foot jelly, and then rang for Mrs. Sadler to take my place by the sofa.

I must go. Ah me, how wretched I was!

For the last fortnight or more—indeed since the child had grown so weak—I had frequently been late at the theatre. To-night once more I was late. My usual omnibus was gone; no other was in sight. There was no help for it—I hailed a hansom that was lingering by a public-house and drove down to the Levity as fast as the horse could take me thither.

It was still snowing, softly and thickly, the flakes whirling slantwise in the small but biting north wind. It was just the night to drive pedestrians, idlers, street-roamers, to the warmth, comfort, and glitter of a theatre of varieties. The great open pillared doors and brilliant vestibule, with its mirrors, palms, and pictures, of Mr. Binkworthy's popular establishment were an attraction, a temptation in themselves.

"Tut, tut—you are late again, Madame Fleurette," said the manager, somewhat impatiently; "and naturally the audience have been kicking up no end of a disturbance because you did not appear in the order set down for you on the programme! We have had to send on the O'Leary Family, with their eccentric entertainment—they wouldn't listen to the Sisters Gay—before anything like order could be restored. There was the same bother the other evening," grumbled Mr. Binkworthy.

"I cannot help it," I answered wearily—it might be indifferently.

"Surely, madame, you could be more punctual if you tried," rejoined the manager testily. "I should—I should fine you if you was anybody else. I—I had no call to complain of you at first."

I turned upon him fiercely.

"I have a little sick child at home now, recollect," I said. "I came as early as I could. Worry me no more."

The manager shrugged his shoulders and spread out his fat be-ringed hands.

"I hope she's better—the little gal," said he. "Is she?"

I did not answer him; but, with my whole soul in hot revolt, with moist quivering hands, and with eyes that were dim with fiery tears, I turned and unrolled the music of my first song.

My reception that evening, when I at last appeared upon the stage, was as uproariously hearty as ever; and, although the atmosphere of the great building, with its tobacco-smoke and smell of beer and spirits seemed to stifle me, to turn me faint, the glare of the footlights and of the chandeliers to blind my burning and aching eyes, the crowd of eager and staring faces to bewilder me strangely to-night—accustomed as I had grown to the odiousness of it all—yet I suppose I sang my songs to the complete satisfaction of my listeners and admirers; for again and again was I recalled in front of the orchestra to bow my acknowledgements to this token of my popularity.

My last song, like its two predecessors, was frantically encored. I had managed by gently shaking my head and appealingly touching my throat, to shirk complying with the wishes of the audience with regard to my earlier songs.

But, my third being "Kathleen Mavourneen"—always a tremendous favorite with the Levity patrons—there was "no getting out of it" this time, as Mr. Binkworthy, in some excitement, expressed it.

"I cannot sing again to-night—indeed I cannot," I said earnestly.

"You must!" said the manager. "Hark at 'em!"

"I cannot—oh, I cannot," I moaned. "Let me go home!"

"Pooh! Sing them one more, and then you shall leave. They'll never be quiet else; and there's Professor Pampeluna and his performing dogs waiting to go on. Come—don't be a fool, Madame Fleurette," said the manager roughly. He disappeared but soon returned with a small tumbler of champagne. "Here, drink this—look sharp. It will pull you together and give you 'eart," said Mr. Binkworthy more kindly, and himself putting the glass to my unwilling lips.

I was his slave—his paid slave—and so it ended in my going heavily back to the stage, and by my presence thereon once more hushing the theatre into tranquility, and decent behavior.

The stage attendants, in their ridiculous and shabby livery, had already wheeled on the grand piano, for whenever I accepted the encore for my last song of the evening, I was expected, as before, to accompany myself. But no "Kerry Dance," no "Thady O'Flynn" for them to-night. They must have what I chose to give them, or go without.

For some moments my hands moved aimlessly over the keys of the piano. I struck a few minor chords, and then played a brief dreamy prelude of my own composition.

I wanted no notes for my own accompanying. The music of the sweet melody came back to me out of dreamland—was plaintively stealing from beneath my wandering hands. I remembered the words of the sweet sad song as perfectly as if I had last sung them only yesterday, and not long, dim, shadowy years before. And yet—and yet was it so very long ago after all?

Strange that, on that night of all nights, I should have found myself singing the favorite song of my girlhood, of my lost, happy youth, when I knew not Daryl Darkwood or aught of evil or sorrow.

I sang—sang with a passionate feeling of hopeless regret, all unconscious though I was perhaps of it at the time, with a vague, tender longing for the glad innocence of youth which never, never more could be mine again—which, in its fidelity and yearning pathos, seemed absolutely to thrill the densely-packed house.

Never within my short experience of it and the ways of its audience had the theatre been so hushed. No flitting to and fro of nimble waiters, no vulgar popping of corks and jingling of glasses, no careless chatter at the distant bars, where flirtation and refreshment were wont to go together—nothing but the sound of a woman's voice, clear, unutterably sad and tremulous with tears, pathetically telling her listeners that the heart of the singer was breaking, and that "the wild freshness of morning," with all its sweetness, purity and vigor, was dead, lost to her—for her had vanished, in this life, forever and forever!

It was not often that I glanced downward at the occupants of the stalls; they always appeared to be so horribly near the stage. The bold upward staring, whether of curiosity or of admiration, which I there encountered annoyed me acutely—to me was disagreeable in the extreme.

But to-night, as I was in the act of rising from the music-stool to bow my thanks to the familiar outburst of enthusiasm, something—a strange indefinable force or influence which some people, I dare say, would call "magnetic"—involuntarily caused me to turn my eyes downward upon those rows of crimson seats immediately behind the band.

There, in the end seat of the third row from the stage, his eyes fixed upon me—eyes in which, I fancied just then, there were shining together amazement, joy, reproach, and a hopeless fatherly love—sat a figure that for years I had seen only in my dreams. Was it a ghost—a ghost from my dead forlorn past—or was it in grim reality —

No—no; it was no error of vision, or trick of fancy, no apparition from an immaterial world. Heaven help me, it was solid flesh and blood!

Time notwithstanding had dealt hardly with the benign-looking old man; he looked indeed as if his years sat in heaviness and in weariness upon him. His light-blue eyes were as mild as ever in expression; but his pale lips were drawn down with strong lines about them. His face, with its fringe of iron-gray whisker, was no longer pink and smooth, but had a colorless, an almost leaden hue that in the gaslight was ghastly to behold. He had, too, grown very bald. Upon the convenient ledge before him stood a glass of steaming grog; between the fingers of one wiry veined hand he held the stump of a cigar; whilst with the other hand, upon his knee, he grasped a black bag. Great Heaven—the black bag!

Our eyes met.

He smiled mournfully—half rose from his seat, still faintly smiling, as if uncertain what to do. It was horrible.

A smothered cry broke from me. I staggered sidewise back on to the music-stool, discordantly striking the notes of the piano with my nerveless outstretched arms.

Some one shrieked, "She is ill—dying!"

Then the lights seemed to go out, the theatre to spin round. The curtain fell with a crash; and I remember no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Dog's Reading—Some visitor to the famous scientist Lubbock writes: We then desired Sir John to explain to us the method by which he had taught his dog to read.

"Well, in training him I tried to keep in view a principle, which, I think, those who have had to do with dogs have ignored. Instead of endeavoring to get the dog to communicate his thought to them, they have tried to communicate theirs to the dog. It appeared to me that something in the right direction might be accomplished by the same means as were adopted by Dr. Howe in regard to Laura Bridgman. Laura Bridgman was an American girl, who was deaf, dumb, and blind. But here was the only case of a deaf and dumb person having an intellect equal to the average.

"Dr. Howe succeeded in communicating with her by attaching a card to the key of her room, on which the word "key" was written with raised letters. He adopted the same plan with other letters, so that by bringing a card she could ask for what she wanted. Well, I had Van in this room, and placed two saucers on the floor, one containing a little bread and milk, and the other being empty. I then took two cards, ten inches long by two or four inches wide, and writing 'food' in large letters on one, placed it over the saucer containing the bread and milk, while I left the other blank, and placed it over the empty saucer. Van was allowed to eat the bread and milk after having his attention called to the card.

"This process was repeated daily for about a fortnight, when Van began to distinguish between the two cards. I then laid the cards on the floor, and, at my request, he immediately brought them to me. If he brought me the 'food' card, I gave him something to eat, but if the plain card, I merely threw it aside. I then had printed on other cards the words 'out,' 'water,' 'bone,' 'tea,' and also such indifferent words as 'plain' and 'nought.' In about a month, with daily lessons of about half an hour's duration, Van was able to discriminate not only between the plain and printed cards, but also between the words themselves. Of course, the cards were exactly alike in other respects, and were not kept in the same places. For instant, Van would pass the card with 'out' written upon it a hundred times without taking any notice, but when he wished to go out he would select it from others, and run with it to the door."

The Smallest Kingdom.—Probably one smallest of the smaller is the principality of Lichtenstein, between the Tyrol and Switzerland. There is only a very little of this charming country. The land measures but twelve or thirteen miles in length, and the proud nation that inhabits it consists of less than 10,000 souls; but, such as it is, this sovereign principality exists under the rule of John II.; and it is protected by intimate alliance with Austria. Still more restricted in extent is the republic of Moresnet, between Verviers, in Belgium, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Its dominion reaches over only four square miles, it possesses about 3,000 inhabitants, and its annual revenue amounts to less than $2500. The national army consists of one soldier, who also acts as a policeman.

Boston rejoices in the application of steam power to boot polishing. In a shop located in the midst of the disciples of Blackstone has been fitted up an engine with a complex arrangement of straps by which brushes are whirled at a surprising rate. The customers are seated on a broad bench and are polished off in a very short time.

Bric-a-Brac.

Cooking Grasshoppers.—There were two ways in olden times in preparing grasshoppers to be eaten. They were either crushed in wine and eaten without cooking, or else—and this is the way they are still prepared for food in Syria and Arabia—they are boiled in salted water, their wings are plucked off, and the insects are dried in the sun, when they are ready to be eaten.

The Cravat.—The cravat got its name from the Croats of Austria, a regiment of whom, all throttled in cravats, arrived in Paris in 1600, and set the new fashion in neck swathings. When Beau Brummel assumed the guardianship of fashion in his country, it was not considered fitting that a gentleman should travel with fewer than eighty cravats, and an iron for smoothing them.

A Woman-Solomon.—There is in England a village which rejoices in the possession of a local Solomon in the person of an old dame, who is often appealed to for the decision of petty differences. It happens that a mother and a daughter are in the habit of sleeping together during the absence at sea of their respective spouses, and it happens, too, that both the women are the happy mothers of babies of about the same age. The children occupy the same bed as their mammas, and recently, owing to some mistake in dressing them they became mixed, and could not be distinguished one from another. Thereupon, the female Solomon aforesaid was called in and asked to solve the difficulty. "You think that they have been changed, my dears?" quoth the dame. "Yes," replied the two mothers in duet. "Very well, then, my dears, change them back again!"

German Bulls.—A German newspaper gives a few samples of German bulls, which are quite as amusing as those perpetrated by that nation which has been heretofore supposed to have a monopoly in the business: "Among the immigrants was an old blind woman, who came to America once more before she died, to see her only son." "After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and health." "The chariot of revolution is rolling onward and gnashing its teeth as it rolls," is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students in 1848. "The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting at the table enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend once more."

A Martyr's Death.—A strange bit of Algerian history is illustrated by one of the objects of interest in the Museum of Algiers—a ghastly plaster cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo, writhing in the agony of death. Tradition had for three hundred years told the story of the Moorish lad who became a Christian and saint in all but name. He abjured the faith, it was said, for a brief moment under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery, but returned to it with new zeal, and proved it in the end by a heroic and horrible death—that of being thrown alive, with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete, which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such was the tradition, singularly and literally true in the minutest details, as was proved in 1853, when the block of concrete containing the accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downwards, was found, claimed by the Church, and deposited with great honor in the cathedral of the town.

She Was Right.—The story is told that a husband was sitting in his store, when a letter in a familiar handwriting was handed to him. It was from his wife, whom he had left at home that morning with every assurance of affection and devotion. But the very first sentence startled him, and, as he read on, the most horrible suspicion seized him: "I am forced to do something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis and I can keep it no longer. You must not censure too harshly, for you must reap the reward as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you. The flour is out. Please send me some this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." She was right. He didn't.

SWEET HOME-FACES.

BY M. C.

When dusk has brought rest to the weary,
And the troubles are over that tire,
In the hour of silence and shadow
I am seated alone by the fire.

And out of the red, glowing embers,
When the fitful light wavers and dies,
Like angels that come to watch o'er me,
Sweet, beautiful faces arise.

What though I am far from the loved ones?
Their presence I feel in the room,
And a tender and silent communion
We hold in the gathering gloom;

While there rises within me a longing
The exile alone understands,
Till I sigh for the sound of their voices,
And I yearn for the clasp of their hands.

Oh, the sweet and unselfish devotion
Of those eyes as they look into mine,
In their luminous, soft depths reflected,
There is love that is almost divine!

It is love that is pure as the angels;
It is love that would keep me from wrong—
Such a bond as Death only can sever,
So lasting it is and so strong!

Oh, tender and beautiful faces,
That come in the firelight's glow;
Like stars shining out through the darkness,
You light up my path where I go.

God grant that the future may bring you
No traces of sorrow or pain,
Till He who hath parted our pathways
Shall bring them together again!

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"FIGHT for it, or we are in for life!" repeated Mullard in a harsh whisper; but Lane neither moved nor heeded. He had collapsed utterly, miserably.

"Let me open the door for you," said the detective, stepping forward and suiting the action to his words. "Walk out—you will find some old acquaintances there."

The man sprang up, his face flaming with hate and futile anger, and was about to make a rush for freedom, when he drew back suddenly.

Five or six police-officers were standing on the landing. These were the former acquaintances to whom the detective had alluded.

"Go!" said the officer, with infinite scorn, turning away.

It was useless to resist, and the miserable culprit was being led away, when the detective called out—

"Stay—what do you know of this man's life? There is such a thing as turning Queen's evidence and saving your own skin. What do you know of him?"

But, before the fellow could answer, Lane sprang to his feet.

"What does he know of me?" he cried. "Nothing, nothing! He can say nothing—prove nothing—for I paid him only for what he would have done to-night. I know things concerning him, but he is utterly in the dark concerning me. He cannot turn Queen's evidence, but I can, and I will, if I can save myself!"

The detective could barely conceal his exultation.

"Yes, you can save yourself in that way," observed he contemptuously. "It is something to save one's own skin certainly. You are ready then to give evidence as to the commission of this grievous crime by which your confederate Filton has palmed himself off upon society so long as the gentleman who in reality died many years ago in the West Indies?"

"I am ready," answered the man hoarsely; "but I must be sure that I shall be safe," he added, his voice faltering with terror.

"You will be allowed to go free after the trial of your partner in guilt is concluded," said the officer. "You hear what he says?" he added to the men who stood round. "It is a very heavy charge we have against him, but he will clear himself in this way, since the law permits it."

"I have myself to think of now," said Lane fiercely.

"Can you let me take this lady away?" said Neville in a low tone to the officer. "She has fainted, I think; but I do not like to leave you just yet."

"It's all right, my lord; I have plenty of coadjutors. You will have to wait a little, though—the lady has fainted right off."

Yes, Caroline was at length unconscious of the exceeding bitterness of her lot.

This last revelation concerning the man whom she had so blindly worshipped, so implicitly believed, had been too sore a thing to bear.

What—her unworthy lover had not even meant to marry her! He had hired a villain to personate a clergyman!

And for this man she had left home and relatives—for this wretched deceiver she had turned from Mabel's pleading, from Dick's entreaties!

"It is very desirable that we should at once communicate with young Mr. Charlford, the real owner of Charlford House," said the detective. "Lane, it will go in your favor if you can give us information as to where he has been sent."

"I did not plan anything against him," answered Lane; "but his so-called father did—got him drugged, and then, under all sorts of pretences, shipped for Rio."

"Good heavens!" murmured Neville, infinitely shocked.

"That's how it was. Filton would stick at nothing," Lane continued savagely. "I wonder how I have escaped him, probably he thought the game of murder too dangerous to be played in England. You see he wanted to prove his daughter to be as the world thinks her—insane. Mr. Dick Charlford is very fond of his sister; he would not have sat down quietly without gaining access to her; he would soon have made the discovery that she was not insane. So it was determined to remove him for a time, and when he returned, as he must ultimately, to welcome him with every show of pleasure, and to declare that every means had been employed to discover his whereabouts."

"And how are we to find him?" asked the detective sternly.

"I'd tell you if I could, sir," replied Lane, stooping to civility for his own sake. "The name of the vessel that received him as passenger was the *Mermaid*; her captain could be communicated with. I think you could trace young Mr. Charlford if he is alive."

"Had he any money with him?" asked Neville quickly.

"Not a stiver. The young gentleman's passage was paid; but on landing he would have to shift for himself. The captain thought, when he saw him carried on board that the young fellow was in ill-health, and had fainted. He was taken to the cabin secured for him, and left there. The *Mermaid* sailed immediately afterwards."

"You managed the affair, I suppose?" said the officer.

"It was not I that planned it," answered Lane evasively. "Filton did that. Disguised as a clergyman, he went and saw the captain himself, and made all sorts of arrangements 'for the dear boy's comfort,' as he phrased it, paying liberally, and using smooth words. The 'dear boy' would be met at the end of the voyage by relatives at Rio, he said. He suffered from one delusion, but in all other respects was of sound mind. His delusion was that he imagined himself to be the son of very wealthy parents, when in reality his relatives were but in moderate circumstances. This voyage had been recommended as one means of a cure, he required change of scene, sea-air, and a warm climate. Mr. Dick Charlford was lured to town by a mysterious letter; the rest was not difficult. If I could afford further information, I would give it willingly."

"Let me take her away before she recovers and is again conscious of what has happened here," said Neville aside to the detective, indicating Caroline, for he was beginning to be very anxious about her—her stricken face looked like death rather than life; and five minutes later he was escorting her half-lifeless form towards Lady Effington's.

* * * * * *

Late that same night—it was nearly one o'clock in the morning—as Lord Wynmore's man was dozing in the hall of his master's town-house, waiting till he should return from Lady Effington's, he was aroused by a loud ring at the visitors' bell.

Somewhat startled—for he felt that the person who rang was not Lord Wynmore, the servant jumped up from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and listened.

"That's not his lordship!" he muttered, doubtful whether to open the door at that hour, for, for aught he knew, it might be some bold thief who took this method of gaining admittance, well aware that most of the servants were in the country—that it was not "the season;" and who was to know whether three or four men might not rush in, fasten the door, and secure valuables without number in the course of a few minutes? So Turner waited and listened.

Again the loud importunate summons sounded through the house; and the man, after a little further hesitation, slung the chain across the hall door, and then half opened it.

"Is Lord Wynmore at home? I saw a light and rang," said a young man's voice.

Something in the voice reassured Turner, and he opened the door, ready to answer the visitor with all courtesy; but scorn was his only feeling when he beheld a slight boyish figure, so ill clad as to be almost in rags, evidently suffering from that sharpest of diseases—poverty.

"Be off with you!" said Turner severely. "Do you know what you're about—ringing at this time of night at noblemen's houses? If you're not out of sight when I look out again, I'll send for the police!"—and Turner slammed the door in the face of the poverty-stricken visitor.

At that moment Lord Wynmore was approaching his own house—he was on foot, walking slowly, and in deep thought concerning the extraordinary events of the day.

He had just left the house of his sister, who had enough on her hands now, for she had not been prepared for Caroline's arrival and for the agitating scene that was likely to follow.

The strictest circumspection was also necessary for the next few hours, as, should the servants get any idea that Mabel, already an inmate of the house, was the Miss Charlford advertised for, they would be sure to send information to Charlford House in the hope of obtaining the promised reward of five hundred pounds.

It was not desirable that the least suspicion of what had happened should cause any alarm to the guilty man whose villainy had been so nearly crowned with success.

Caroline therefore had not been told of Mabel's proximity, and she was in such a state of utter prostration and grief that she was but too glad to keep her room and shun all eyes.

"Find Dick—find my brother!" was all she said.

"Yes, my dear; Neville will set every agency to work immediately," replied Lady Effington. "All you have to do is to remain here perfectly quiet."

It was indeed all that the unhappy girl was capable of.

She felt at that moment as if life was over for her, and that she could never again hold up her head.

There was much for Neville to ponder as he turned from his sister's door that night to seek his own roof.

His heart was full of his dear betrothed and all her late sufferings. Was there any way in which he could spare her for the future?

Was it possible that this case could be kept out of court? Mabel was so sensitive that it would be dreadful to her if any one bearing the name of Charlford should be branded as indorsing such an iniquitous scheme as that by which this man Filton had ruled so long as the owner of Charlford House and the arbiter of the destinies of her sisters and her brother; and John Charlford was the half-brother of that Richard Charlford who had sailed so many years before to the West Indies, never to return.

Thus all his musings had one conclusion—that it would be desirable, if it could be effected, to make the abettor of Filton's crime sign a confession of his deed, relinquish the property, and never make an appearance in court.

But, allowing even this, how would it be with the partner of his guilt, Filton? Was he to go unscathed? Never!

But there was a heavier weight pressing on Neville's mind. Dick—where was Dick?

How was he to be discovered? Every moment seemed an age till steps could be taken to reinstate him in his rightful place.

Alas, did the poor boy still live to be righted? And, as he pondered, Neville reached the broad square in which stood his own stately house. It was the sole dwelling which still had a light burning over the entrance.

Late as it was however, some one stood at the door, as if waiting for admission; and Neville quickened his steps, for the incidents of the day had made him apprehensive.

Good heavens, what a miserably-clad fellow was leaning against one of the pillars—thin, with clothes hanging loosely on him, with the aspect even in the dim light of having undergone much suffering! Neville felt a sudden desire to know what had brought him to such a pass, and turned to ask what he came for, when in a moment the young man sprang forward, clasping his hand.

"To find you—you—that is what I came for? Alas, I cannot trust my own father!"

"Dick," cried Neville, almost taking him in his arms in a sudden access of joy—"is it you, Dick—you? Then all our troubles are nearly ended!"

"Ended? Mine seem so for the moment, now that I have found you! But where is Mabel?" cried the young fellow.

"At my sister's; and so is Caroline. Come in—I have a great deal to tell you."

"And I to tell you," said Dick, with emotion. "But, thank Heaven, my sisters are in safety! Oh, Neville, you will hardly believe me when I tell you that I feel certain my own father compassed my enforced journey to Rio! I have worked my passage back."

"Your own father would never have done that, Dick; but the man who calls himself so has been guilty of what you suspect. Dick, we have made a great discovery—we have solved the mystery which so tortured Mabel and you! But what am I doing—keeping you here when you are hardly able to stand? Dear Dick, the worst is over now that we have you with us."

"Stay!" gasped Dick. "I cannot endure this suspense. Tell me what you mean at once. My father not my father?"

"It is so, Dick. Your father died about sixteen years ago in the West Indies. The clever villain who personated him and took his place has been steadily supported in his iniquity by your uncle, John Charlford. It is all clear to us now; what we have to do is to prove it to the world."

Dick was too bewildered at first to utter a sound; then he said, with a burst of indignation—

"Now I understand all my repugnance to that man!"

"Come in with me now," said Neville. "Rest to-night, and prepare for to-morrow's work, for there is much to do. A few more hours, or days at the most, will see you, I hope, where that man dares to stand now, and be—where he merits to be. Come, Dick!"

He put his hand to the bell and pulled it, and Turner, recognizing his master's ring, quickly opened the door.

Great was his surprise on perceiving the ragged lad whom he had repulsed enter with his lordship.

"Turner," said his master, "get some sort of refreshment as quickly as you can. And this gentleman will have my room to-night. Is there a good fire? Wake up one of the maids."

Tired as he was however, Dick would talk, and gradually he became possessed of the knowledge of what had taken place during the past few weeks.

It was not till Dick almost fell asleep from sheer fatigue that he lay down upon a sofa in Neville's dressing-room, unable to do anything till he had been restored by rest.

Then Neville, without a thought of seeking rest for himself, went out in the gray dawn, and made his way back to his sister's house.

The servant earliest astir at Lady Effington's came to answer his summons, and was overwhelmed with surprise on seeing "my lord" present himself at that hour.

"Take this note up at once to her ladyship," he said, "and tell her that if possible I will be here again before the evening."

"Yes, my lord," responded the servant.

"Say that business will take me out of town for the day," added Neville.

"Yes, my lord," repeated the maid.

"Now for retribution!" said Neville, as he hastened away.

Presently his heart flew to Mabel, and the sweetness of hope mingled with the bitterness of the present.

Surely there must dawn a day when this wretched state of things would terminate—when Dick would reign in his own home, whence Mab would go forth a joyful bride!

Many days might lie between that sunny future and these shadowy hours, but they would pass—they would give place to others full of peace and rest.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STRANGE torpor seemed to have seized the two men who had taken possession of Charlford House. John Charlford still remained in bed, kept there by the stronger will of his guilty companion.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of the day next but one to that on which Caroline, but for Neville's intervention, would have sacrificed her life's happiness. Filton, with an expression of disquiet on his hard face, went about restlessly; but whatever his fears, he contrived to hide them from all save himself.

"Well, how are you," he asked, with a sneer, as he stood by John Charlford's bedside—"better for your long rest—eh?"

"Rest!" cried Charlford. "Is it rest to lie here, listening for ever, awaiting something terrible? Let me get up and act, or I shall go mad!"

"By all means get up, and by all means act," retorted Filton. "I had hoped that a spell of quiet would have brought back a little common sense; but I see you are too much cowed and scared for any ordinary remedy to be of service. You cannot stay here to invite suspicion by your extraordinary behavior, so the only way to act is to go abroad. I will remain and face the danger, if danger there is; but take yourself and your terrified face away, and leave me a clear field. No—there must be no arguing; you must start to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! Ah—for once in my life I am not up to it!"

"You must go, whether you feel up to it or not. And you had better not go home: I will telegraph to your man, and your things can be sent direct to Charing Cross Station. Perhaps in the course of a few months you may regain in some degree your ordinary demeanor; if not, you will have to let your house and live elsewhere. Why, your very face has a guilty secret written on it! How much I despise your pusillanimity it would be hard to say!"

"Filton, I am not like you—fearing nothing."

"Indeed! You have acted pretty much as if you regarded things from my point of view, though! And, having done so, show a little courage. Come—have you ever considered the impossibility of anything being discovered against us? As the years have passed by, each one has added to my security and yours. What could raise a whisper against us? Lane is gone by this time. It is true he may come back; but it will not be for several years. And who knows what may happen to him in the Far West?"

"Filton," said John Charlford shudderingly, "you are not meditating evil against him, surely? You would not add murder to what has gone before? I have done bad deeds in my life; but murder—that is a horrible thing!"

"Why talk of it then?" said the other lightly. "I did not—it was you who did so. What I was urging on you was the necessity of going abroad immediately. Go to America by all means; join our friend Lane, and warn him against my sinister designs, of which you have ample proof, of course! Well, now I will leave you to despatch the telegram."

"Stay!" cried John Charlford feebly. "I have no spirit to undertake a journey. Let me find some out-of-the-way spot in England or Wales; there I can pass away the time."

"No," said the other resolutely—"in your present frame of mind it will be necessary to put the sea between you and what might occur. Some one might see you; every one would wonder why you left such a place as the Court to vegetate in some rustic hole-and-corner, shrinking from your usual acquaintances. America is the best country for you for a year. Now make your arrangements."

Instead of replying, the miserable man sprang up in bed, his breath coming fast, his eyes glaring.

"Listen!" he exclaimed; and he put out his hands as if to ward off a blow. "Keep them away—keep them away!" he panted, shrinking.

"Are you crazy? No one is here!" cried Filton, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Hush! I hear something—I tell you I hear something!" moaned John Charlford, once more cowering in fear.

"You hear nothing but your own babbling tongue!" shouted Filton, in hot anger.

"Yes, yes," declared Charlford: "you can hear it now!"

Affected by the other man's persistence, Filton paused in his efforts to rouse his companion to act with common sense, and in the pause the strokes of a clock were distinguishable.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!

Filton bursts into a contemptuous laugh.

"Well, I have listened to your terrible noise," he sneered—"the clock striking ten! It is a noise which occurs twice every twenty-four hours, and which you must have heard for a good many years now. It is really very alarming! However, it has taught me one thing, at least—I had better consign you to a lunatic asylum instead of allowing you to run about the world: so stay in England. I will look after you, dear brother!" and he laid an ironical stress on the last words.

But Charlford never answered him; his eyes were fixed upon the door, his ears strained to catch the sound of feet hurrying along the corridor towards his chamber. They paused outside the door; there was a low murmur of voices.

Even Filton listened now, and a swift thrill of alarm passed through his veins. But he retained every appearance of calm, though his eyes glittered strangely.

He uttered no syllable; he only remained waiting for what was coming.

After all, though, nothing might come. Suppose it were Mabel herself—suppose it were Dick—what then?

Who but Lane could prove anything against him? And Horace Lane had been paid off.

So a few moments elapsed; then there was a short sharp knock on the panel of the door, the door itself swung back, and Lord Wynmore entered.

An instant of intense relief succeeded for both the men; then Filton advanced with a smile and with outstretched hand.

"This is a pleasure unexpected and most welcome!" he cried, going to meet Neville.

But the young lord gave no answering greeting, and his face was stern and cold.

Too well Filton knew why, when another figure followed that of Lord Wynmore—Dick Charlford, a little rested now, well clothed instead of in rags, but bearing very plainly the marks of mental suffering and bodily fatigue.

"Dick, Dick—is it you? How tortured I have been about you! Why did you go away?" faltered Filton.

But Dick made no answer; he only turned and beckoned to some one in the corridor.

Three men entered, one of them closing the door behind them; but neither John Charlford nor Filton himself was conscious of the presence of more than one man—Lane.

The sight of him took away the speech of both, horror striking even the defiant Filton dumb.

As for Lane, he wore an easy smile of unconcern, it seemed as if he enjoyed the agony he was inflicting.

"Morning," he said, nodding to his former friends. "You did not expect to see me, I am well aware. However, this is an uncertain world, isn't it?"

"Why are you here?" Filton managed to articulate.

He was deadly pale—he knew now that something of the fearful past had been disclosed.

"Why am I here?" echoed Lane, with a sardonic smile. "Well, to tell the truth, I have been forced to come here. I would have kept faith with you if I could, but I am forced to look after myself. 'Honor among thieves' is my motto; and I would have carried it out but for untoward circumstances. Why am I here? To explain why you are here, Filton—that's about the truth. 'Tis of no use beating about the bush any longer. 'Twasn't I that peached; all has been somehow discovered—all we believed so wonderfully well hidden. The game is played out. I have been forced to turn Queen's evidence!"

Filton appeared petrified, and stood before the new-comers rigid as a block of stone; but that he suffered agonies was evident enough, for his hard face quivered in every muscle and passed from an ashen hue to a dull gray.

As for John Charlford, he gave one fixed wild look, searching and horror-stricken, at the man who had spoken of his guilt so carelessly; and with a scream he fell back in the bed, throwing out his arms and crying in a voice so piercing that none of those present ever forgot it—

"I knew it would come—I knew it would come at last!"

They were the last sane words the guilty man ever uttered.

When, some hours afterwards, they came to remove him from the chamber, they found that he was a hopeless lunatic, cowering before and glaring at all who approached him, while repeating again and again the words which he had uttered so despairingly—

"I knew it would come—I knew it would come at last!"

As for Filton, with a look of contempt at his companion in guilt, he folded his arms, and, facing Dick, said in a very hoarse voice—

"Perhaps you will state whether you have any one or anything to corroborate the strange, rather vague accusation which that man," indicating Lane, "has brought against me. Do you not know that it is necessary to substantiate a charge brought against any one, let it be of what description it may? I can only infer that I am accused of something extraordinary from the strange behavior of my son and his friend, and of the person who seems to have wormed himself into their confidence—a person whose evidence no sane man would take, inasmuch as he is an escaped lunatic."

Dick and Neville exchanged glances, then Dick spoke.

"Richard Filton," said the young man, in deep emotion, "you have dared to usurp my dead father's name and place, you have presumed to style yourself my father, and to carry on the deception for many years. Such an accusation is not vague, and the villainy will have to be sharply answered for. As to evidence of your base deed, enough is in our hands. On the afternoon of the day on which you feigned to leave Charlford House for Frankfort in order to see a dying friend, my sister Mabel was induced to take from a drawer in the library a letter written in German, a letter containing allusions which explained all. She was startled however by your sudden entrance, and thrust the letter into the pocket of her dress, where, by a strange combination of circumstances, it lay unthought of, hidden, until she herself, immured by you in a lonely country cottage, a prisoner, and accounted insane by all her friends save one or two, drew the letter from that old dress, began to read, and discovered the startling truth. You would have driven her mad could you have done so. Me you exiled friendless to a distant land. But your own hand has wrought your destruction. In sending that trunk to the cottage where you had immured Mabel you furnished the clue to your well-hidden crime. Retribution has overtaken you, and you shall not escape it!"

No, he could not escape the punishment which had at last fallen so deservedly upon his head.

In a moment he saw himself disgraced, bereft of wealth, houses, lands, an ancient name, an envied position, his dark crime laid bare.

For him there would be no longer ease, pleasant days, power to command, and freedom to go whither he chose, while a large household looked up to him as the master.

Instead there loomed before him a shameful trial, a prison dress, prison fare, a prison cell, the execration of all men, his name a by-word, while this young fellow who was now accusing him would enjoy all those privileges and luxuries of which he was deprived.

So long had they been his that he had grown to regard them as his own, while all the time they had never been his; and he must pay the penalty.

The penalty! Ah, that was so sharp and bitter that, hardened as he was, the wretched man who had so ruthlessly inflicted harm on others could not sustain his part a moment longer!

A mist seemed to float before his eyes; he stretched out his arms to steady himself by the wall, then tottered backwards and fell senseless to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mad Mark Mallory.

BY E. S. S.

AMONGST the earliest settlers in a certain section was an English farmer, who finding, after many years struggling with misfortune, that the fens and marshes of his native country did not yield enough for the support of his fast increasing family, turned his back upon old England, and went forth to the new country only then beginning its career.

It was a hard wrench, but John Meyrick was not a man to rebel against the inevitable, and after a few years of hard toil in his adopted country, there was not a more prosperous farm in the neighborhood than that presided over by Joan, his eldest daughter, for Mrs. Meyrick had died on the passage out.

Joan was the perfect type of an English maiden; fair, upright as a dart, with clear, honest eyes, in whose translucent depths there lay no guile, and her beauty attracted many suitors among the neighboring settlers, the most persistent of whom were two brothers, Mark and Reuben Mallory.

They were twins, and so closely resembled each other in face and form that it would have been hard to tell one from the other but for a certain wildness of expression in Mark's eyes, not at all perceptible in those of his brother.

In fact, Mark was not altogether of sound mind, and he performed his part of the wooing in so strange and incoherent a manner that he frightened instead of captivated Joan, who, at the same time, being a girl of good feeling, pitied him for his infirmity.

Reuben Mallory was the one upon whom her choice fell, and whom she loved with all the intensity of a pure girl's first passion.

As the truth gradually forced its way to Mark's confused brain, he went off to parts unknown, previously having informed his brother, in a loud, fierce voice, that he would yet have Joan for his bride, and that he would be revenged on him for trying to win the girl upon whom he had set his heart.

Reuben took no notice of the threat, but endeavored to soothe Mark, who, however, made some strange response, and strode away.

Reuben searched long for his missing brother, but in vain.

Months went by, and still nothing was heard of him, and at last it was thought that he must have lost his way in the bush, and perished of starvation.

After some months Joan and her lover were engaged to be married.

On the evening of the day preceding the one chosen for the wedding, she and Reuben met, as they had often done before, close by a waterfall, or, more properly speaking, a cataract, on the river, which was about a mile below Joan's residence.

It was a wild spot, with huge mountains looming up before them in the distance, and a dark, deep thicket stretching away on their left, along the bank of the river.

Where they stood, the river was but thirty-five feet in width, sending its roaring waters, sheeted with foam and spray, down a perpendicular rock to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet.

For some minutes Reuben, who was a fine, intelligent fellow, of handsome presence, stood admiring Joan's pretty hair, upon which the sunlight, streaming through an opening in a range of hills behind the two, fell as if loving to nestle there.

Then a sad look settled upon his face.

"Joan," he said, taking her hand, "I am afraid it was wrong for me to win you without first telling you what is now on my mind. In fact, I should have told you that the insanity you have seen my brother show symptoms of is hereditary. I had both a grandfather and an uncle who were thus affected, but I have hitherto feared to tell you this, lest it should set you against me—make you fear that I too, might ——"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted Joan. "Nothing could do that. So long as you were not insane when you told me that you loved me," she added with an arch look, "I do not care a straw."

At this reply the young man threw both arms about the round, supple waist of the girl and joyfully kissed her.

At last he took her arm to escort her homeward.

Some distance from the cataract, where the current was not so swift, lay a small skiff or boat.

This was Reuben's, into which he now assisted Joan, for the mazes of the tangled thicket would be difficult for her to thread at this late hour.

The young squatter, pulling vigorously at his oars, landed the girl near the door of her father's house.

It was arranged that Reuben should come in his boat for the maiden on the following night.

He would then take her down the stream to a selected landing-place, whence they would go to the minister's residence, half a mile off, and be married.

Joan preferred having the ceremony performed in this private way, in order to avoid a noisy serenade from acquaintances.

The minister had already been spoken to on the subject, and the bride's father, who had some business to transact in the neighborhood of the clergyman's dwelling, would arrive there in time to be present when the couple were united.

Having parted from the girl, Reuben now rowed on up the river, until opposite his own house, a short distance from the shore, where he lived with an old aunt.

Then he tied the boat's warp to a stake on the bank, after doing which he entered the house.

The following night was a dark one, the gloom only slightly relieved by a new moon and the stars.

Thrilling with joy, Joan put on a pretty dress, and placed a delicate rose in the soft braids of her fair hair.

She reached the bank of the river, to see the outline of her lover's boat as it came.

When it reached that part of the shore where she stood, its occupant held out his arms to assist her. She could not help noticing, with some surprise, that his hair—which, contrary to the custom of most settlers in those days, who cropped it short for convenience, he wore very long—was dishevelled, uncombed.

It fell about his face like a veil, through which his grey eyes flashed with a strange light.

"Come," he said, as he took her hand, and she entered the boat. "I have waited a long time."

"Why, no; you have just arrived," she answered.

"Perhaps you are right. How time does fly!"

His strange manner puzzled and pained her.

"Your voice is hoarse. You have not taken cold?" she said.

"Away we go! They are waiting for us," was his only response, as he commenced to ply the oars.

The boat, assisted by the current, flew along as if it had wings.

"Not so fast, please," said Joan. "It makes me dizzy."

"We have no time to lose," he answered. "It will be a white bridal—won't it?"

"Reuben, what do you mean by that?" cried Joan, yet more surprised. "Can it be that you are jesting?"

At this he uttered a yell of laughter so wild and shrill that it went to the heart of the startled girl like a knife.

"Don't!" she said, laying both hands on his shoulders. "You make me feel afraid."

Then he showed his white teeth. His eye-balls rolled strangely under his black hair, as it blew across his face.

A terrible fear seized her.

She began to think he had become insane, for she now recalled to mind what he had said to her when they met by the cataract on the day before.

It seemed as if he guessed her thoughts.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "You know it is hereditary. How—how fast we are going!"

In fact, the boat was rushing forward with the full force of the current, for it was now where the river narrowed to thirty-five feet, with the roar of the cataract booming right ahead.

"Stop, Reuben, we have already passed the place where we were to land!" she cried in terror.

"Not yet," he yelled out. "We are going down among the water-snakes! We will have a quick, swift ride over the cataract, which will make you a fine white wedding-robe! It will be a very noble bridal!"

The terrified girl looked more closely at the speaker than she had hitherto done.

So deep was the obscurity that she could not see his face plainly; but it struck her that it was too sharp and thin for Reuben's.

Then the truth broke suddenly upon her.

This man was not her lover! it was his brother! the unsuccessful suitor who had been so long missing, and now had returned more insane than ever.

"Mark! Mark! I know you!" she cried. "But where is Reuben?"

She endeavored to speak firmly, although shaking from head to foot.

"The change is for the better," he said. "You did not see me lurking near, like a wolf, yesterday, catching every word you and he said, there by the cataract! I caught the words in my teeth, and held on to them. I was determined to baulk him! I lay in wait for him to-night, near where he keeps his boat, and I pounced on him—for you see I am like a wolf—and I put my dagger in him. It went so deep that he'll not come to disturb us. He is fast asleep in the long grass with the fire-bugs playing in his hair!"

"You have killed him!" she screamed, starting up.

The cataract now was not ten fathoms ahead. Joan could see the white gleam of the roaring waters as they poured over the rock in broad, gliding masses.

She was about to make a spring for a rock which extended along the water some yards at this point, when the maniac seized and held her in a tight grasp.

Vainly she struggled. Meanwhile the boat was drawn on towards the cataract. Once over its brink, nothing could save its occupants from that terrible fall of one hundred and sixty feet.

Joan knew this, and still struggled frantically. The ungoided boat was whirled against a spur projecting from the rock Joan had previously endeavored to gain.

The shock hurled the maniac sideways; he loosened his hold of the girl, who taking advantage of it, caught at the rocky spur and threw herself out on to the rugged mass.

Ere Mark could follow, the light craft plunged with him over the cataract, and the wild cry he uttered as he disappeared down the frightful descent was the last ever heard from him in this world.

Joan, by her own efforts, could not reach the shore, although there were many detached rocks in the tumultuous waters between her and the bank. Her cries, however, at last attracted the attention of her father, who, alarmed at her protracted absence, had left the minister's house to look for her.

With great difficulty he succeeded in getting her to the land, and having heard her story, he proceeded with her to Reuben's dwelling, where the two found her lover lying wounded tended by his aunt and a doctor. Reuben said that when about to enter his skiff his brother, of whose return he had had no previous knowledge, sprang up suddenly from a clump of shrubbery near, stabbed him in the side, then leaped in the boat and made off.

Reuben contrived to crawl to the house, and his aunt at once sent a boy, whom she sometimes employed about the premises, for a doctor, who said the wound was not dangerous.

A few months later, the young man having fully recovered, he and Joan were married.

She is a happy wife, but she often thinks with a shudder of that terrible night adventure with mad Mark Mallory.

AN EVERLASTING DRESS.—It would simplify matters wonderfully should the women of America adopt an ancient custom observed in Holland, where it is the ambition of every Dutch lady of high degree to possess a black lace dress. This is carefully worn, and lasts a lifetime, in many cases being handed down from one generation to another. The singular feature of this custom is that, no matter what the style of the dress, whether of ancient or modern fashioning, it is perfectly correct to don it upon whatever occasion of state or social entertainment when the owner may desire to appear. Indeed no lady's wardrobe is considered complete without this dress, which is made all in one piece. The lady for whom the garment is to be fashioned having expressed her preference in the matter, patterns are drawn and given to the lace-makers, who then set to work and make it according to directions, without a single seam. Such a dress is, of course, expensive at the outset, but once secured is most economical, inasmuch as it is elegant, and, no matter how frequently worn, is always in good taste and admired by the company.

THE WAY OF IT.

This is the way of it, wide world over:
One is beloved, and one is the lover;
One gives, and the other receives.
One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
One offers a smile for a life's devotion;
One hopes, and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.

This is the way of it, sad earth over:
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Tho' the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow,
And life is not over yet.
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.

With Folded Hands.

BY AUSTIN ALLEN.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

"WOULD you rather live in England or in Scotland when we are married?" he asked at last, for at the moment his love had made him forget all prudence.

The flood of love in his heart had mounted till it made his usually steady head swim.

"In England," she said with a vivid blush. "Take me to England."

"Then we will go there after we are married. You shall have the sweetest home ——"

"Could we not be married in England?" she said, blushing again. "I don't want the folk here to talk about me."

Alas that the suggestion made by pure innocence should have given a hint to guilt itself.

"Of course we would," said Robert laughing; but all that night and the next day he pondered the thought that her words had raised.

Pondered! He dwelt upon it, first as a thing some men would do, then as a possibility for himself, then as a species of prudence, till at length it became a thing resolved on, though not perhaps distinctly put in words.

Everything lent itself to his purpose, till he felt as if circumstances and not his will had so settled all for him that he could hardly be held responsible.

Helen was not hired on the farm for six months, from term to term, as all other workers were; she had simply been taken on as a help when she returned home three years ago to live with her father.

It appeared that the cot-man, who was now coming in her father's place, and who would succeed to his cottage and most of the furniture, had a boy who could take her work.

All the people who knew her, including the farmer's wife, concluded she would go back to England.

They had not liked her much, her ways were different from theirs, and none had cared to question her quiet reserve closely enough to find out how absolutely friendless she was.

Her statement that she was going to England was simply accepted; not one word of warning reached her. She was, like most girls of her age even in a much higher station in life, absolutely ignorant of differences of law and custom.

She had left England and her aunt too young ever to hear such things spoken of, and the hill solitudes, if they had taught her heavenly wisdom, had taught her nothing of the ways of men.

Thus it was that one week after his return to Galloway, Robert found himself in England again, while Helen, her heart sad with leaving the old life and the things that never could be any more, and yet glad with a chastened gladness at all the hope and joy and love that she saw lying before her, was with him serene in her innocent confidence.

And it was at L——, on the English side of the border, that the paper was signed by them both that made them, as she supposed, man and wife, and was witnessed by a servant who did not know what it was.

Poor Helen!

* * * * * *

Happiness that is rooted in a lie cannot endure long, even for the victim, not the maker of the lie.

Yet Helen had some happy days; and it was not until Robert began to thrust aside the offerings of her heart that she began to see the deformities of character that the heaped up riches of her love had hidden from her.

Robert was of course not with her always. He had told her that at present their marriage could not be made known, as, owing to her father's death and her desolate situation, he had married earlier than his mother had wished, and he feared to displease her.

That was a pang to Helen; she almost felt as if it was an accusation, too, but she bore it in silence, as she learnt to bear much else.

Mrs. Astley sent for her son and kept him with her for several weeks at a time; and always during these times he saw much of Ethel Cadogan.

To his mother's eye he seemed a good deal drawn to her, and yet held back by some powerful influence.

Nor could she find out anything satisfactory about his life, nor, with all her shrewdness, discover how he passed his time away from her.

He always had some plausible excuse ready when he wished to go, and he never failed to come at once when she summoned him, for Helen, feeling herself already guilty of having come between them, never made the slightest difficulty, until, indeed, the evil fancy entered Robert's head that she did not care whether he went or stayed.

Not care! How little he knew. And, like all such evil fancies once admitted and allowed to take root, it grew and grew apace.

And yet, as he lived with Helen and saw and felt how high and pure her ideals were, how noble her character, a profound dissatisfaction with himself and his own conduct grew upon him, which might or might not in time turn to good, but meanwhile seemed almost to harden him.

It never so far gave him courage to confess his crime and undo it to the extent that yet was possible, and though it did influence him to arrange that their child, a boy, should be born in Scotland, so that it should not be out of his power to legitimate it by subsequent marriage, he took Helen straight back to England afterwards, knowing "that habit and repute" might, if he remained in Scotland, make their marriage legal, wishing still, as is the way with weak people, to leave himself a way of escape on either side.

At last came a time when Mrs. Astley's patience was well-nigh exhausted, and the two years nearly at an end.

It was early summer, and Robert and Helen were living in a Cheshire village, where the tender sweetness of that green undulating country, with its background of lofty hills, had grown very dear to Helen.

She had been out with her bonny boy, now more than a year old, and, rejoicing in that gaiety of summer which comes home to the saddest hearts, had felt happier than she often did now when Robert's growing coldness caused her so many pangs.

As they passed along the hedge-rows she had plucked wild roses and honeysuckle, heaped them up in the little carriage in which she wheeled the boy, and wreathed them round the little straw hat that crowned his sunny curls till he looked like some laughing child-god of flowers.

Then coming home she gathered him up in one arm and the flowers in the other, to "show him to dada," and so entered their little home.

Robert was sitting with his back to her, his head bent down over a letter.

He did not turn or move as she entered, and she cried laughing—

"Look, Robert, look at your son! Baby wants you to look at him!"

As the words left her lips she caught sight of her husband's face in the mirror opposite. It absolutely horrified her, so pale was it, so desperate its expression.

He started at her voice and dropped the letter. A draught of air from the open window caught it and carried it across the room.

"Run, baby, and fetch it for dada," she said, setting the child down. She feared, she knew not what, of evil, yet wished to make no sign.

Robert had faced round at her by this time, standing stock still, his hand unsteadily twitching at his moustache, his eyes glaring like one awakened from a hideous dream.

As the child, laughing with glee, hurried with the hasty uneven step of babyhood after the vagrant letter, he cried furiously, "Stop child; don't touch it."

He was too late; the baby hands had grasped the prize, but, terrified at his father's look and tone, he bore it straight back to his mother, and hid his shining head in her gown.

Helen, trembling exceedingly, sat down on the nearest chair; the letter lay half open on her knee.

Mrs. Astley's writing was bold and distinct. The words, "When you marry Ethel Cadogan," caught her eye before she was aware.

Still Robert looked at her, and did not move or speak. Fresh courage came to Helen in a moment after the icy heart-pang of those words.

She rose, moved quietly across the room and rang the bell, gathered up the dropped flowers that lay in a heap at her feet as tranquilly as though nothing were amiss, and when the boy's little nurse appeared, she sent him away comforted with kisses, and bade Bessie put him to sleep and then put the flowers in water till she had time to arrange them.

But all the time she held the letter in her hand; and when Bessie and the child were gone she turned to Robert, who was now staring moodily out of the window.

"Dear Robert," she said very gently, "I have read nothing of your mother's letter but these words," and she pointed to them. "But I see it troubles you. No wonder! But it is time we ended this now, dearest. Perhaps we never ought to have begun it. We must tell your mother of our marriage now."

No answer but an angry groan.

"Or is there anything else — anything worse?"

Another pause.

"Since you've read so much you'd best take it and read it all," said Robert at last, angrily, flinging himself into a chair.

Helen bit her lip; she had a proud spirit beneath her gentle loving ways, but after hesitating a moment she took the letter up and read every word.

It was Mrs. Astley's ultimatum, and she told him so. She let him know with great plainness what her views were, and that all his prospects depended on his pleasing her now.

She ended by saying, "If you have got, as I feel quite certain that you have, into one of those wretched entanglements so common among young men, I command you to break it off at once. Something of this sort must have come between us or you would have yielded to my wishes long ago. I have been generous with your allowance these last two years; I shall be so no longer. Oh, Robert, I am your mother. I do love you; I want to do only what is best for you. I know you will be happy when you marry Ethel Cadogan."

Every word went straight to Helen's heart as she realized that his mother's anger meant beggary to Robert.

How terrible that she had brought this on him!

Timidly she approached him again to give him the letter, but her words were brave.

"Robert, dearest," she said, "do you think if I had known I would have let you sacrifice everything so for me? But we must let your mother know all now. I think she is a just woman; she loves you, she will forgive us in time. Robert, speak to me! Can it matter so much if we love one another? You will tell her of our marriage at once?"

Robert laughed hoarsely.

"There is no marriage to tell her of," he said, and then would have gladly given every chance of this world and the next to recall his words. Too late!

White as death, Helen staggered an instant, putting her hand to her head as though puzzled.

"No marriage; I—I don't quite understand!"

An awful silence fell on them both. Robert neither moved nor spoke, till with a last glimmer of hope Helen made an effort to speak:

"Robert, you have just learnt this? This is what has made you so strange since I came in? It is some accident—mistake?"

Robert hesitated a moment. Should he let her think that? But since he had said so much, best tell her all.

"No," he answered suddenly, "I've known it all along."

Not death itself, however sudden, could have been such an awful shock. Helen sat down and covered her face with her icy hands; she was utterly stunned.

"Why—why?" she murmured helplessly at last, almost without being aware she spoke, a pitiful appeal to fate rather than to him, but Robert caught the word.

"Why?" he said roughly. "Why were you such a fool as to come tempting me when I was in such a position? You brought it on yourself. Any fool would have known such a marriage was good for nothing in England."

It was too much; with a low moan Helen fell back in her chair fainting. Robert had been drinking since he had received his mother's letter, he often had done so lately, or, furious as he was with fate, he would hardly have been so brutal.

Recalled a little to himself by Helen's state, he sprang towards her, and began chafing her hand, and speaking, entreating her pardon, saying he had been mad and did not mean what he said.

But the first use she made of returning consciousness was to push him feebly from her; nor did he dare resist her. Then struggling to her feet, she said:

"I will go upstairs, I do not, do not understand you yet, I think."

And there was that in her face and voice which made Robert afraid to follow her.

CHAPTER III.

IT was not till evening that Helen sent for him to come to her. He found her sitting quietly by the open window, which let in the sunset-light, her hands clasped in her lap.

The stillness of death itself was on her face, but not its triumph nor its peace. Robert had revolved many things in his mind during the dreary afternoon; bitter repentance had come.

He resolved to sacrifice anything, everything to undo the wrong he had done, but her look overawed him, the words died on his lips.

Helen glanced at him as he entered, and then her eyes wandered out again to the glowing sky. For a minute or two she did not speak at all, then she said slowly:

"I asked you to come to me. It is necessary that you should know what I mean to do."

Her voice was dull and monotonous, but quite steady.

The words fell like a heavy blow on Robert. He saw, too, what he had not noticed at first, that the room was cleared of all Helen's little possessions, that two boxes stood in the corner.

"Helen," he cried sharply, "you cannot—you do not mean to leave me?"

"Yes," she said in small dull tones. "Why should I stay?" and still she looked away and did not stir.

"But, Helen, listen to me, you must listen! I will do anything you like. I will give up everything! I will marry you to-morrow, directly, I will do all you can wish!"

"Will that undo it?" she said.

"Helen, you must hear me. No one shall ever know. It will be all right. I will not write to my mother till we are married, and I will tell her——"

"Another lie!"

There was not even scorn in the tones to break the awful lifeless monotony of despair with which they fell.

"You shall not go," he cried, beside himself with passion. "I will not allow it."

"How can you prevent it? I am not your wife. It is, what was it she said; an entanglement. Any one can break that, you know."

Robert cast himself at her feet; he wept, he prayed, he exhausted all words of entreaty, but in vain, she did not even look at him or tremble, she seemed turned to stone.

Once he tried to take her hands, but she thrust him back with a passionate touch, and then fell again into that awful stillness.

"It is too late," was all she said when at length words failed him.

Her hopeless grief was utterly passionless. In despair he, too, was silent. He had come to her prepared to make any sacrifice, any reparation, and now it appeared that no sacrifice, no reparation, no atonement, would be accepted at all.

After a little Helen seemed to rouse herself. She turned towards him.

"Robert," she began, "my poor Robert," he thought he saw signs of softening in her face, and hope sprung up in his heart, only to be slain by her next words—"nothing can undo the past, it is no use trying, and I am going to leave your future free. I am going to-morrow. This is the end. I shall take the boy, he is all mine. If we had been married he would have been yours; but though you have taken everything else from me, you cannot take him now."

"But it is for his sake, Helen, that you must listen to me," he implored again. "If we are married in Scotland it will make him all right, it will indeed! You have a right to be angry, but don't, don't wrong him more."

She did listen to that. Then there was an evident wavering; she leant back and covered her eyes with her hand.

It was long before she spoke, and the dusk was gathering round them before her answer came.

"No, Robert," she said at last, "not even for his sake. I can't do it. It is no real righting of his wrong or mine. It is better for him and me to be what we are."

"Better for him to have no father than such a father as I am, you think! Oh, you—you never loved me—cold, cruel. I have long seen it. You did not care whether I went or stayed. You never loved me, or you could not do this."

"If I had loved you no better than you loved me, you might indeed reproach me, but you have killed my love," was her answer; and its awful truth silenced him.

"I could not live with you now as your wife," she continued after a minute. "These two years would stand up ghostly between us, we never could be happy. I shall take nothing from you, I can earn my own living, and keep myself and my boy."

"If heaven is as cruel to you in the day of your need as you are to me, it will go hard with you," said Robert bitterly; "you leave me no place for repentance."

"I cannot help it," she said. "I could not breathe the same air with you now. Do you not see everything is gone? Oh, my God! if only baby and I had died yesterday!"

"Have some pity, some mercy on me if not on yourself," he besought once more.

"It would be no mercy really," she answered. "This is the end, Robert; we shall never meet again. It is better so."

"And what will you do—where will you—where can you go?"

"I am strong, I shall work, no matter how or where. And, Robert, you—you are free, you will go to your mother."

"I shall drown myself," he said with the sudden despair of a weak man.

"No, Robert, no—not that," she cried, springing to her feet. "Some day, somewhere find strength for repentance! Give me that hope at least," she prayed. "Don't, don't take that away, too," and she burst into a storm of agonizing, bitter sobs and tears till it seemed almost as if body and soul must part in that terrible strife.

The truest chord in Robert's heart was touched at last.

As he strove to soothe and quiet her, he vowed secretly a solemn vow that from that hour he would lead a new life, be a different man.

They talked far into the night after that, and then Robert left her. Though both felt it was as the parting of death, they did not part in hopeless bitterness.

Robert spent the rest of the summer night pacing the quiet fields and lanes, and before the morning sun grew hot Helen and her child were gone.

When he returned to the little house and room, made ghostly by the recollection of her presence, he found her wedding-ring wrapped in paper and addressed to him.

As the deepest penance he could submit to, and yet as the pledge of a hope he slipped it on his finger, and then after settling their small affairs, and taking one long spray of flowers from those she had gathered only yesterday, he went to his mother, and speaking to her for the first time since his earliest childhood with perfect frankness, without one single kept-back thought, he told her all.

* * * * * *

Twelve years later a poor woman was living alone in Glasgow, supporting herself and her son by the humblest employments, washing and sewing.

Her neighbors looked askance at her, she wore no wedding-ring, though that was, alas, common enough to have been readily condemned, if it had not been for the damning fact that she also "held herself above honest folks;" but she sought no acquaintance or friends among them, and devoted herself to her boy, stinting herself of food to give him the best education in her power, yet trying above all to teach him love of truth and self-denial, and to give

him noble aims with high ideals. She had no concealments from him.

With solemn grief she had told him all their story, and tried to teach him to pity and forgive the father whom he could neither love nor renounce.

The boy was already apprenticed to a bookseller, but he and his mother both looked forward to a day when he should enter college as a step to the ministry. They were a singular pair.

The boy wore a look of intent and determination remarkable in one so young, while his mother's stately, stern beauty and noble carriage attracted attention from the most casual passer-by.

Her hair was quite gray, but her face, though strangely still, was evidently young.

To this woman came one day a letter, the first for so many years, that her heart trembled before she opened it. It was dated from California.

"Helen," it said, "I am dying, and I cannot die without writing once to ask your forgiveness. God knows I have repented or I should not dare to ask that, nor yet what else I have to ask. Helen, I married out here a dear girl, who was cast upon my care under circumstances too long for my strength to tell you now, that made it seem the best thing to do for her. She is dead; but I have a little daughter, just two years old. My mother is dead—last mail brought the news; I have no one to leave my child with, no one to send her to but you. Will you take her, Helen? Be her guardian, bring her up, make her like yourself, the noblest, purest woman I have ever known. I know you will not refuse me this. I am as sure of it that I have written to my lawyers, who will send you this, naming you as her sole guardian. She will have some money—about $2000 a year—from her mother, but I have tried to make all business easy for you. Do not refuse me. Be generous to me as you are just. I know you did love me once, little as I deserved it; forgive me, then, as you hope to be forgiven. The thought of you kept me from a life of many temptations, the thought of you is my only hope now that my little Madge may become a woman such as I fain would have her.

"ROBERT ASTLEY.

"P.S.—My mother never forgave me. I have left the little I possess to your son."

Inclosing this was a letter from Messrs. Henry & Co., solicitors, explaining that she could, if she chose, refuse the guardianship of the little girl, who was already in their custody, under which circumstances she would be made a ward in chancery, and adding that the child was heiress to a much larger amount than the father had known, as the late Mrs. Astley, his mother, had left her $100,000, which news had not reached her son before his death.

It was evident that they hoped and expected that the guardianship would be refused.

Helen Bell had not thought it possible that the quiet peace of mind she had after long struggle reached could have been broken up by so great a tumult of thought, feeling, nay passion itself, as this letter aroused.

How her heart yearned over that little girl, and yet, and yet—— Madge, it was a name Robert had liked, she remembered oh, how well.

She glanced round the bare little room, and thought of the wealth of that little child with a sort of loathing.

If only she had been penniless, what joy it would have been to have her, but now —— It was an awful problem. She had not realized till now how strong her pride was or how dear. It would cost her much to part with it.

When her son came in she placed both letters in his hand. His face flushed as he read them, he set his teeth.

"I will take nothing from him, mother, nothing," was his first word. "I will make my way without his help."

And though Helen's heart sank to hear it, she felt she had known beforehand what he would say.

Nor did time shake his purpose. The affairs were very difficult to settle, but at length satisfactory arrangements were made, and Helen did not refuse the task left to her, though its conditions often tried her sorely.

* * * * * *

There was a pretty little house in the suburbs, where lived a sweet little girl, who had nurses and attendants in plenty, and every pleasure and joy that childhood can know, except the love of a father.

The love of a mother she had, for all day long, from the time her eyes opened in the morning, there was with her a stately but gentle lady, whose grave, loving tenderness watched over her, surrounded her, filled out her little life as only a mother's love ever does.

But at night, when, tired out with happiness, the little child had gone to rest under the care of a faithful nurse, a tall figure, plainly dressed, stole from the gate and swiftly made its way through thronged streets and lanes to a very poor part of the town, and to a certain bare, small room.

There, with her son, she supped on coarse food; there they often sat till far into the night talking and reading; there she slept on a hard, coarse bed.

And as soon as morning light returned, and her son rose to go to his work, she rose, too, to go back to her little ward, and take up her daily round of duties with her, with its daily renunciation of the pride that had been her last infirmity.

This lasted for years, until Robert had attained his first ambition, and finished his college course with brilliant success. Then came a time when the little bare room was closed and deserted, and the lady never left the child.

And the child grew out of the joyousness of childhood into the joy of happy girlhood, till at length the joy of love was hers too.

And when the day of her marriage came, the minister, whose praise was on all lips, who married her to her true love was her half-brother, Robert Bell.

But Madge never knew the story of their relationship, for her guardian saw no need to tell it to her. Only she had made Robert promise whatever happened to befriend his sister.

And Helen Bell left the house that had been her ward's, and lived alone in a home her son had provided for her. But it was not for long.

A sense of tiredness seemed to steal over her, a feeling that at length her work was done and might be put by. She was not sad, only very quiet and tranquil.

And one day they found her lying upon her couch with folded hands, her face was no stiller than it was wont to be, but bearing the seal of a calm, triumphant death, that wan, sweet smile of peace which none but the dead have strength to wear on earth. Her story was done.

[THE END.]

Madden's Run.

BY S. A. L.

"WHAT is the footplate?" you say.

The question has been asked me many a time. The footplate which forms the platform of the engine, and which is connected with the tender by a hinged flap; for between engine and tender there is a small space in which it would be very awkward to catch one's foot. On "tank" engines there is no tender; so it's pretty level.

No, life on the footplate is not by any means so bad if a man likes his work. That's where it is.

If you don't care for your work—why it's all the same if it's engine-driving, or clerking, or sweeping a crossing, or anything. I'm fond of driving, always was; when I was a youngster, a four-year-old, I was as fond of trains as was my father, who was a clerk, and didn't hardly know the big-end from the lever.

But he was fond of engines; and I don't care who the man is, give me a chap who will examine an engine and take an interest in it, and he's a man—ay, and a gentleman.

Foolish! Yes, I suppose I am; but you're fond o' dogs and cats, and why not engines? Can any dog or horse even run a match with a locomotive? Rubbish! Is it? One's alive, and the other isn't. Is it? Which?

Do you think engines don't understand ye? Look here, I'll put you on my engine, and I'll bet ye won't make her do what I can, good man as ye be.

Why, because we understand one another. I know what she can do, and she does it. That's one-sided, is it? Well, it's one side, I think.

Very cold? No, not over-much. When it's regular winter, and if we're running tender foremost, then it is cold.

My! But even the other way it's bad of snowy nights—rain don't count—but the snow clogs the weather-board glass, and the steam condenses and freezes on us. It's no joke looking ahead on a snowy night, nor in a fog, nor in thundersnorm when the lightning is playing around the bright handles, as I've seen it do. But I've escaped it all, and worse.

Worse, ah, twenty times worse! Of course I wasn't born an engineer, not turned out ready made for fighting as the young woman in the old story was out of somebody's head.

How people could write such bosh I can't think! No, I was a cleaner, and had a rough time; fireman too, and I've known lads go to sleep in the furnace, and been found burned dead when the fire was lighted in the grey of the morning.

From cleaner I got to firing in the yard, and to freight trains. Why, I can remember when the baggage was carried on the roofs of the cars, covered with tarpaulin, put on your own car overhead, and porters had to carry it out at the stations. Sometimes it caught fire. Oh, yes; quite common that was.

Then I got firing for passenger trains, and my mate was Madden—"Mad Madden" they called him—a sulky chap, but a good one.

Rather risky sometimes too; but he always was quiet, kept fair time, and no one but me suspected him.

Drink? No, he never drank much, not to speak of. But, let me tell you, many a man will keep his time better for a glass of ale.

It hardens him, like, and he feels himself, so to say, pluckier. But a drinking driver is a thing; he ain't a man. No man is fit to drive who gets tipsy; but I've known some such engine men.

Well, about Madden. He was queer. But one night in particular I remember a young gentleman had a pass to run with us.

He was a good young fellow—fond of the engine; knew what he was about too; and I have reason to know it. His name was Firth.

He came up that evening, and said he had his pass. Madden says nothing at all; but I bade him good-evening. We knew him well enough.

He was wrapped up in a pea-jacket with a comforter, like one of us; and when he asks again Madden remarks—

"Ye can come up if yo want to," and takes no notice.

I watched him. His eyes were restless, and uncommon bright-looking.

"This is the mail, isn't it?" asked the young gentleman for something to say.

"Ay," replied Madden; "it's the mail, and it runs a hundred miles an hour."

I laughed; so did the young gentleman; but I didn't like Madden's manner. It was time to couple on; so we ran out from the siding and braked down on the train; Madden, of course, driving.

"Gently, mate," I says; "we'll be into her."

Madden still said nothing; so I shut off the steam and screwed down the brak. We had no steam-brakes or "Westinghouses" in those days. No, sir.

"Shove the lever over," I said to the young gentleman; "we'll be into her if yo don't."

He did, and checked her with the steam ever so little, which isn't always desirable; but he did it neat enough. As it was, we came with a fairish bump upon the buffers, and the engine bounded away a bit.

Madden only laughed and looked at the steam-gauge, and as I changed over, young Mr. Firth whispered to me—

"Is anything the matter? Shall I get off?"

"No, sir; stay where you are," said I; "we may want you yet."

And, indeed, I began to think we should; for Madden was as morose as a mud-bank. But he hadn't much time to talk then. The white lamp was shown; the guard whistled.

"Right away, mate," says I.

Madden started the train quiet enough. We cleared the points, and saw our signals winking at us from the posts as they came towards us—as they always seem to do—gliding steadily; then up goes the arm with a snap, and the green eye turns bloodshot, like a ruby, in a flash.

Mr. Firth, he kept near me, watching Madden, who was carrying on pretty smart, even for the mail.

He was blowing the fire out of the chimney; and when I thought he wasn't minding, I notched back the lever a bit. He swore at me, and let it go again. He pulled it back with some difficulty in a sulky way; and our passenger whispers to me, "Is he tipsy?"

"I wish he was," I replied; but couldn't say any more, because we dashed through the Cross, over the points, lifting at every turn.

Then houses got fewer, garden walls slid past like spokes of a wheel, and hedges seemed to rise and fall in the glare of our furnace.

The jumping was considerable as we came towards the tunnel, which we could not yet see.

There was something terrible in this mad speed. I tried to check her pace unseen; but Madden kept his hand on the regulator, and when we reached the tunnel, I confess I was in a blue funk. There was the junction beyond and the long level stretch to Bashford; but we had ought to shut off there, and let the train run through the Bandridge points.

The roaring, rasping, grinding tunnel made us almost giddy; the light from the open furnace door gleamed overhead; the tiers of bricks flew by in the strong light on the black and smoky roof.

"Hi, mate," says I, "ain't ye going to shut off to-night?"

Madden laughed out loud, but never said a word; nor did he slacken off.

"Confound it!" I whispered to Mr. Firth; "he'll wreck the train!"

I opened the whistle as we quitted the tunnel, and shouted to the young gentleman—

"Shut the regulator, for your life! He's as mad as a March hare!"

Mr. Firth did it. He shut off the steam, sure enough, and I whistled for the brakes, short and sharp, and then deep as a boom. We were rushing over the bank at about seventy miles an hour, and when we got to the dip we must, if we kept the metals, run at an awful "bat."

If we only gained the level road in safety I thought we should pull through.

"Mind the engine," I shouted to Mr. Firth, just as Madden collared me. I can tell you it was no play then. He clutched me by the throat so sudden that I thought I must die.

I remember the scud overhead, the flying fences, and one flashing station. The speed was reduced, and Mr. Firth was clinging to Madden now.

Then came a turn. Madden broke away and fell heavily on me; I slipped and fell down, and then he held my throat until I felt as if my eyes were falling out. I couldn't scream; I was choking, dying, and the last I saw was Mr. Firth, with the coal-hammer in his hand, behind Mad Madden.

When I recovered myself I was lying on the footplate; the train going easy. I staggered up, and, catching hold, looked ahead. There was a red light. I looked round. Mr. Firth was watching the light, his hand on the regulator—and Madden? Where was he? Gone? Yes!

He had been pulled off me half stunned by the blow which Mr. Firth hit him, and then, as he darted at him, he had slipped and pitched headlong like a sack on to the up metals, where the early train cut him in two. We reported the matter at Bashford, and ran into the pier five minutes behind time. But, till the inquest, there wasn't five people in all the hundred and fifty as knew how near death they had been that night when we fought Mad Madden on the footplace of "Number 75." It was a good job for me as Mr. Firth was on the engine. Thank ye, sir—your health. Best respects."

Scientific and Useful.

WHITEWASH.—It is a common practice in France to coat the beams, the joists and the under side of the flooring of buildings with a thick coating of lime-wash as a safeguard against fire. It is a preventive of catching fire although it will not check a fire when once under headway.

ORGAN OR PIANO.—To clean and polish a parlor organ or piano, wash it with a soft old silk handkerchief wrung out in lukewarm suds made with best Castile soap; then dry immediately and rub with chamois-skin. If the instrument is very much scratched and defaced, rub with wood furniture polish and polish for a long time with dry chamois or a piece of soft silk.

COLORED INK FOR RUBBER STAMPS.—Red: Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of carmine in two ounces of strong water of ammonia, and add one drachm of glycerine and three-quarters of an ounce of dextrine. Blue: Rub one ounce of prussian blue with enough water to make a perfectly smooth paste, then add one ounce of dextrine, incorporate it well, and finally add sufficient water to bring it to the proper consistence. Purple: Mix and dissolve from two to four drachms of aniline violet, fifteen ounces of alcohol, and fifteen ounces of glycerine. The solution is poured on the cushion and rubbed in with a brush.

UTILIZING SEA-WEED.—An English chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of sea-weed that the ocean supplies, or at least as much of it as may be desired. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda, and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it in this manner a substance that has more viscosity than starch, or even gum-arabic, and that can be profitably employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. It is also said to be excellently adapted for the making of sirups and for certain culinary uses. From the cellular and fibrous matter left after the extraction of the material—to which he has given the name of "algin"—a very good quality of writing-paper can be cheaply made.

IN PLACE OF MATCHES.—A French paper has the following account of an ingenious contrivance to take the place of matches, and which it says is now used by the watchmen in Paris in all the magazines where explosives or inflammable materials are kept. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil heated to boiling upon the phosphorus, fill the vial about one-third full and then cork it tightly. To use the novel light remove the cork, allow the air to enter the vial and then recork it. This empty space in the vial will become luminous, and the light obtained is equal to that of a lamp. When the light becomes dim its power can be increased by taking out the cork and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the vial.

Farm and Garden.

THE HORSES FOOT.—When horses overreach, lengthen the hind shoes; when they hit the the front of the hind feet, have the toe of the front shoes made narrower and concaved on the side. Some horses when trotting, in putting their hind feet to the ground, strike principally on the toe. Such horses should have the heel lowered, and should wear shoes without heels.

ASBESTOS.—Many valuable improvements have been lately made in the manufacture of asbestos paint in England. In the tests made of its efficiency a piece of light pine wood, about six inches long by four inches square, painted with five coats, was placed for upward of half an hour in an ordinary grate fire, but, although the wood within was reduced to charcoal, there was no blaze whatever omitted during the charring.

SALT.—Experiments made with common salt prove that the soil of a grass plat which had been dressed with it was found to contain, ten days after a rain had fallen on it, twice as much water as an adjoining plat which had receive no salt. The plants on the salted portion were growing vigorously, while those on the unsalted plat were suffering from drought. But do not apply too much. One barrel per acre is enough.

PERCHES.—Never place the perches in the hen-house one above another or one higher than another. Fowls usually keep going up until they reach the highest perch. If there should not be room enough for all, the strong will crowd the weak ones off. Perches should not be more than three feet high. Heavy chickens often hurt themselves by jumping from high perches. Round, smooth poles with legs to them make good perches, and are easily moved to clean.

AGE.—At 2 years old, colt sheds two centre nippers. At 3 years old, colt sheds the adjoining teeth. At 4 years old, colt sheds outer or corner teeth. At 5 years old, bridle tooth is up and six years cups leave two centre teeth below. At 7 years old, cups leave adjoining teeth. At 8 years old, cups leave outer or corner teeth. At 9 years old, cups leave two centre nippers above. At 10 years old, cups leave adjoining teeth. At 11 years old, cups leave corner upper teeth. At 12 years or past, groove in inside of bridle tooth disappears in horse. Mares very seldom have them. When they do, no criterion to be guided by.

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The Lost Ones.

While traversing the outskirts of great cities or wandering over the fair face of the country, a thoughtful man is always strangely impressed when he passes by one of the silent spots where the dead sleep. The feeling never changes, never grows stale; and each sight of the quiet graveyard brings back an emotion that is as fresh as though death were not common—as though the dark gates would not open for us in our turn; but we seldom let our minds travel beyond the bounds of the solemn resting-place; we think much of those who have vanished, but we are not apt to think of those who are left for a while under the sun.

Yet every God's-acre is the centre of a hundred tragedies; every stone hints at some story of human sorrow, human faith, human agony. The dark yew sheds its sullen shadow on the turf; silence winds her gentle arms about the dead; the sweet birds flutter and sing joyously, and all looks soberly peaceful. But a viewless chain connects each mound with the heart of some mourner, and every vanished sister and brother has left some one behind to wait, and wait, and long for a day that may heal all sadness in the mighty tranquil joy of reunion.

There is nothing morbid in the disposition that leads us to frame stories that may match the legends carved on the pale stones—nay, the soul of pity and mild charity that awakes in us is akin to the solemn beauty of reflection that moves us when the majestic music of the last service sounds on our ear and the mourners move toward the open tomb.

Mean and trivial thoughts pass away; selfishness dwindles to naught; and we are purified by pitying even those whom we have never seen—those whom we may never meet on earth.

Death is the bond that keeps us together; it is the change that makes us all equal; it is the one experience that enables man best of all to sympathize with man.

Moving from place to place all over the surface of our globe, we may note the sorrowful folk amid the crowds of flitting faces that pass by us time after time. Fair women with wan eyes and still, mournful lips; stern suffering men; wide-eyed pitiful orphans; aged, broken mothers; piteous bereaved lovers—all come under our glance, and we fancy we can almost trace the history of each.

The more we meditate, the more certain we feel that all that sadness could not be inflicted wantonly. Every phenomenon that the universe offers to our view points to the reign of changeless law and benignant goodness. Thereupon we are justified in arguing from the evidence of all that meets our eye that the Lost Ones are not taken from us, and that our grief will pass away amid the flood of joy when we attain to the rank of the dead, and are once more enabled to commune with those whom we knew on this strange earth.

Perhaps they are near us now. We cannot see them; but that proves nothing. Take a common leaf, or a piece of stone, or a bubble of air, and nothing very wondrous can be seen in it; but let the glare from the reflector shine on it, and then glance through the microscope. Behold, we have a miracle before us! Undreamed-of marvels start to our gaze, and we grow dizzy as we try to comprehend the loveliness, the symmetry, the unspeakable wonderment and complication of the things that we never really saw before.

Again, we are told that, if we could hear the roar that lies on the other side of silence, we should go mad. Millions of sounds are too fine for our dull ears to catch, yet they go on unceasingly in spite of our stolid indifference.

May it not be that the essence of the human creature—the real human being, becomes too fine to be recognized by our gross perceptions when the magic of death has acted? It seems reasonable enough, and therefore, as a mere matter of common sense, we choose to believe it, since to believe anything else would strain our reason.

All these things pass through the mind again and again as we watch the rolling waves of some simple churchyard. We may feel sobered and chastened; but, if we pursue one steady line of thought resolutely, we are obliged to end in exultation and hope.

Who shall say that to ponder the fate of our transformed brethren is morbid? Never! It is the reverse of morbid; it is a cheering, hopeful interlude among the rough grinding hardships of our struggles for life, and the candid reasoner ends by saying with grave exultation, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

We need to have our sympathy stirred, for the fierce strenuous efforts required to preserve our purely animal well-being tend to make us callous. Surely we cannot correct the brutal influences of the world better than by learning the virtues of reverence, pity, hope—reverence for our Lost Ones who have solved the mighty mystery of mysteries, pity for those who must wait longingly for the happy reunion, hope for the future that lies behind the veil.

There is one lovely apostrophe now too seldom quoted. Let us remind our readers of it, and bid them be of good comfort. "Oh, ye loved ones who now lie on the bed of rest, and ye who, yet living, toil on, dyeing the flinty sands of the monster-bearing desert with your blood—yet a little while, and we shall all meet There, and our Mother's bosom shall screen us all, and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!" It is good to hear those words. Let us permit them to sink into our souls.

To be good company for yourself, you must store your mind well; fill it with happy and pure thoughts, with pleasant memories of the past and reasonable hopes for the future. You must, so far as may be, protect yourself from self-reproach, from care, and from anxiety. Be careful, then, how you choose your thoughts. You cannot keep your minds pure if you allow them to dwell on detailed accounts of crime and sin; the soul is dyed by its own thoughts. Peace of mind, as Ruskin beautifully observes, must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness; you can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.

The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offense against humanity as against good-breeding, and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite.

Of the many revengeful, covetous, false and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or even once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? Or where is there a man so bad who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge? If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favor, which no doubt make a wide difference betwixt his case and the parties which he condemns.

How God did intend riches may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there, as from any chapter or verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment; let him comfort the sorrowing, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that moral delight arising in the mind from the consciousness of a humane action.

Every state of life has its own hardships—the private and peaceful existence of advanced civilization as well as the life of the soldier or the pioneer. They differ in kind, the former having far greater variety and complexity, and the latter more certainty and definiteness; but both may be equally expected and prepared for. Indeed the peaceful citizen needs more, not less, of such preparation than does the warrior or the explorer, because he knows not from what quarter or in what form his hardships may come. He needs to gird himself with strength and courage to meet adversity under any of its numerous shapes.

Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures; and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, according to our choice.

No one can hold up his head with a joyous sense of freedom while he has debts that he cannot pay and liabilities that he cannot meet. If the "borrower is servant to the lender," much more is the debtor servant to the creditor. There is no slavery more abject, no chain more galling, than that which debt gradually winds around its unconscious victim.

It is certainly right to seek for and to secure a fair return for all labor, but the consuming desire for more than this, the restlessness that is never satisfied, and that never says "It is enough," the discontent that always undervalues what is possessed and covets what is out of reach, is the worm at the core of real happiness.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our true enjoyment of it, and of ourselves in it, is lamentable indeed. This one reflection would yield a thinking person great instruction.

When thou prayest for spiritual graces, let thy prayer be absolute; when for temporal blessings, add a clause of God's pleasure; in both, with faith and humiliation.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

This is but too evident, if we will allow ourselves to consider, that there is hardly any thing we take by the right end, or improve to its just advantage.

Not to give to the poor, is to take from him. Not to feed the hungry, if thou hast it, is to the utmost of thy power to kill him.

The World's Happenings.

Mrs. Cleveland has a passion for parasols.

Reading, Pa., has a policeman 6 feet 8 inches tall.

Recent determinations give light a velocity of 186,420 miles per second.

Mrs. Cleveland objects to finger-rings; she only wears one, her wedding band.

The message sent by means of the carrier pigeon is now called the "pigeon-gram."

Horseback riding as an exercise is becoming more popular in the New England States.

A movement in favor of the restoration of half cents to the circulation in New England is reported.

Governor Beaver receives from the government a pension of $45 a month, but devotes the sum to charity.

A firm in Clichy, France, have discovered a process that will make glass-blowing by the mouth unnecessary.

The average age of European girls when they marry, according to a German statistician, is 20 years, while that of men is 28 years.

Artificial milk is made from nitrate of potash, glycerine and other pleasant chemicals. The bogus article much resembles the genuine.

Having struck the Mormon monster in the eye, the Amazonian Miss Field turns her lance full tilt against that twin monster—the bustle.

An extraordinary feat in telephoning was recently accomplished between St. Petersburg and Boulogne, a distance of over two thousand miles.

The least dress that Worth, the man-dressmaker of Paris, makes does not cost less than $150, and this he calls his Pauvrette costume—poor girl's dress.

It is astonishing what sums are made by simple contrivances rather than inventions. The man who attached India rubber to the top of a pencil realized $100,000 by it.

Sunflowers make good fuel. The stalks when dry are as hard as maplewood, and make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal.

Queen Victoria's assistant master of the ceremonies wears a curious badge of office suspended from his chain, with an allegorical representation of Peace on one side, which is reversed in times of war.

A justice of the peace in Paterson, N. J., who was assaulted by his wife on a recent Wednesday night, waited calmly until he opened court on Thursday morning, and then committed her to jail.

W. H. Parkinson, of Mineral Point, Wis., while sowing oats, found a gold ring on the point of one of the seeder teeth. The ring was lost about thirty years ago by a young lady in passing over the farm.

The King of Siam has sent a number of dignitaries of his kingdom in search of a score or more of suitable maidens to be married to his son, the youngest, who was recently officially declared "Crown Prince."

After being sentenced, in a court at Louisville, Ga., recently, to be hanged on June 17th, Fred. Morgan, colored, asked as a favor that he should be hanged at once. The court declined to extend the courtesy.

Valerian and a tincture of opium are used in the manufacture of the most popular brands of cigarettes. "Havana flavoring," so called, contains a poison called melilotin, seven grains of which are sufficient to kill a dog.

There are no railways in Persia, "the land of the lion and the sun," nor does it seem to be contemplated to make a beginning in that direction. The Shah is said to be afraid they might be used against him in case of war.

The Senate of Connecticut has passed a bill prohibiting post-mortem examinations of persons dying in hospitals unless the relatives are willing and death was not the result of a criminal act, omission or neglect of some person.

Certain large yellow hornets of India dispose themselves in regular circles upon their nest, with their heads to the centre. They thus appear like the spoke of a yellow wheel, and a nest of them is sometimes mistaken for a sunflower.

The humble dandelion is the fashionable flower of the hour in Paris. Tufts of dandelion ornament the belle's tulle bonnet, the dandy's buttonhole, and the horses' heads, while one or two stray flowers peep out of the groom's waistcoat.

An old man has just died in Berlin who had occupied the position of landlord to a large number of tenants for 57 years, and during all that time he never warned out or raised the rent on a tenant. Nor had he ever given a written lease to any of his tenants.

A Birmingham, Conn., electrician has a new rat trap. He has mounted a piece of meat on one pole of a dynamo machine, which can only be reached by the rat standing on a plate which serves as the other pole. No rat has yet got the meat, but the inventor has a collection of dead rats.

Japan is a land of contradictions and inversions. We weep at misfortune, the Japanese laugh; our mourning garments are black, theirs white; we think white teeth beautiful, Japanese ladies varnish their teeth black; their builders put on the roof of the house first, and afterwards build the walls.

The sensible suggestion has been made that all revolvers should have a number marked on them near the maker's name, and that the numbers and names of purchasers should be entered in books whenever a weapon is sold. This precaution would prevent revolvers being so freely used as they are at present.

An old curmudgeon who died in England lately left legacies to the extent of $270,000, and stipulated for a brass band at his funeral and a banquet to the mourners. By the time the last bones of the banquet had been picked clean, it was ascertained that his whole possessions consisted of an $8 horse and $15 worth of hay.

THE TRUE.

BY RITA.

Can that be Love which, like the rose,
Is brightest when the skies are clear,
And gladdens not until the snows
Have melted from the happy year?

Can that be Love which will not bear
Both winter-time and summer weather,
Or they be one who only share
Their joy, and never weep together?

Nay, Love, if it deserves the name,
Must be an everlasting flower,
That is in storm and sun the same,
Or fairer for a passing shower.

The "Frozen Bar."

BY D. T. BELGRAVE.

SOME years ago the "Frozen Bar" was a very favorite house of entertainment at Kimberley, in the diamond country of South Africa. At first a mere bar, rooms had been added to it and it had prospered and grown into an hotel.

So far as it was possible for an iron house on the Diamond Fields to be kept cool it was worthy of its name. There was plenty of ice there when ice was to be obtained, and even when the ice machines had broken down, as they constantly were doing, the bottles were kept cool by cunning devices known to its proprietress. However dusty and hot it was outside, pretty little Kitty was behind the bar looking after her business, fresh, bright, clean and cool; and the sight of a clean and cool human being in a Kimberley dust-storm was always refreshing.

The "Frozen Bar" was used by men who would by no means frequent common bars and rub shoulders with the very questionable characters who were to be met with there. Jim Pallatter, the gambler and sharper, never hung round the "Frozen Bar" to find some one who would first shake the dice for drinks, and afterwards, to while away the time, throw for money. His self-assurance was proof against a good deal; but Kitty's quiet way of letting him know that his room was preferred to his company was too much for him.

Illicit diamond buyers, as that section of the Kimberley public who live by buying stolen diamonds are called, did not care to use the "Frozen Bar" unless they were prosperous and in the higher walks of the trade. Situated near the diamond market and the mine it was thronged by a crowd of men very representative of Kimberley.

Men came there dressed in every description of costume, from moleskins, flannel-shirts and slouch hats to suits of London-made clothes sent out from home by West End tailors. You would see the rugged weather-worn faces of men who had been diggers all over the world wherever the earth yielded gold or precious stones, and the dark faces of Jews who are drawn to the spot where men find precious stones as vultures are drawn to a corpse.

It was in the afternoon, just after luncheon, that the place would be most crowded. Then Kitty would be in her element, taking money, though more often "good-fors," answering questions, chaffing and laughing over the news of the day—the latest scandal or the best joke against some one—and making comments upon it very often more humorous than polite.

Poor, bright, cheery, big-hearted little Kitty, though she used to laugh at stories she ought not to have listened to, and make remarks which were not over-womanly, she had a woman's tender heart. In the early days of the Fields, when hardships were greater and the ups and downs of life more marked, there were many who had good reason to be grateful to her.

She had been a friend in need to many a man who from illness or accident had been pushed down and was likely to be trampled upon in the fierce race for wealth which goes on in the first days of a rush to a new digging.

Amongst the boarders at the "Frozen Bar" there were often two or three whose "good-fors" did not seem to be very valuable, but to whom Kitty was just as civil as to her most solvent customers.

She was nearer thirty than twenty, and her life had been rather a hard one, though it had left very few traces on her bright little face, and her troubles had not made her laugh less cheery or her smile less kind, though perhaps they had caused that dash of cynicism which sometimes showed itself in her talk.

She had begun life as a ballet-girl in a London theatre, had travelled half over the world with a theatrical company, and at Cape Town had married a Diamond-field man who had taken her up to Kimberley.

Her husband, whom she had never cared much for, was anything but a satisfactory one. But her married life did not last very long. Less than a year after her marriage a middle-aged female arrived on the Diamond-fields and laid claim to her husband, and as she was a person of great determination, and was able to prove that she had married him some years before in London, she carried him off in triumph, leaving Kitty to find out whether or no a bad husband was better than none at all.

Kitty would probably have answered this in the negative, for she was very able to take care of herself. She started the "Frozen Bar" and prospered there, and if she had only been good at saving money would have become quite a rich woman.

"Has Jack been in here to-night, Kitty?" said a man who, with some others, had come in one evening before going home; "he has come back from the river and is in the camp again."

A troubled look came across Kitty's face as she answered,

"Which Jack? there are so many of them about."

"Jack Hope."

"Ah! I saw your friend Mr. Jack Hope just now at the 'Corner Bar' as I passed," said another man; "he was with a nice crowd—Jim Pallatter, Ike Sloeman, and all that lot. He has become a regular loafer. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he was run in any day, for he is always with the illicit lot."

"What do you mean by talking about my friend?" said Kitty. "I have no friends, only customers; but he used to be a friend of yours. Why don't you fellows do something to keep him straight?"

"No good;" "Gone too far;" "Ought to clear out;" were their answers to Kitty's question: but one or two men looked rather guilty, for Jack Hope had once been a popular man on the Fields and had had a good many friends.

"Clear out indeed! where to? To the deuce for all you care. That is so like you men; that is how you stick to a friend."

"Listen to Kitty; why, she seems to be quite sweet on Jack Hope. Look out, Kitty; he would drink up the profits pretty quick," said a little Jew who had been listening to the conversation though no one had been speaking to him.

An angry flush came across Kitty's face. For once she could not think of a neat retort, and she answered, showing that she was hurt, "Look here, Mr. Moses or Abrams or whatever your name is, I never spoke to you; he wouldn't take your help, and no one expects you to help a man."

"Don't know about not wanting my help; he is glad enough to be helped by some very queer people," said the little Jew as he walked out of the place, grumbling out something about never coming in again.

"Hope may be a fool, and he may have gone to the bad, but I hate to hear a little cad like that sneering at him," said Kitty; and then feeling that she had perhaps made rather a fool of herself she changed the conversation, and in a minute was laughing at some rather pointless story, chaffing another man about some joke there was against him, and seeming to be in the wildest spirits.

"What good fun that woman is: such a lot of 'go' in her," said one of the men who had left the place to another as they walked home together. "I don't like to hear her," said the other, a man whose ideals were somewhat higher, though his habits of life were even more irregular than those of most men on the Diamond Fields. "She is such a good little woman—a deal too good to talk as she does."

These men would have been surprised if they had seen the woman they were talking about—whom they had left in such high spirits. The place was empty; she leaning with her elbows on the bar and her shapely hands covering her face, sobbing as if her heart would break. Yes, she thought, she was a fool to have cared anything for him or any other man. Were they not all either hard, selfish and heartless, or reckless, prodigal and hopeless?

With all her knowledge of the world she had let herself care a great deal for Jack Hope, the ne'er-do-well and loafer whose fate his old friends had been discussing. What they had said was probably true, she thought; it was no use doing anything for him. She had tried to help him. It was her money which had started him upon a prospecting trip down the river; but it was no good, he had thrown the work up and was back again in the camp. Yes, they were right; there was not much chance for him; his associates were about the worst lot in the camp. He seemed to be going the road which has taken so many a Kimberley man to the prison, yet she couldn't leave him to travel it. Ah, what a fool she was, she thought. She had forgotten to call her boy to shut the place up though it was late, and she hears a step at the door. At once she wipes her eyes and looks herself again.

The late customer is a man about five-and-twenty. Once he must have been very good looking, and even now his face has some of its old grace about it. Now, however, it tells a very ugly story plainly enough. It is haggard and worn with drink and dissipation, and he has a reckless defiant expression as if he refused to show a shame he felt. Even for the Diamond-fields his dress is rather careless. One of his eyes is discolored, while on his other cheek he has marks of a more recent cut. Any one who knew colonial life could sum him up. An Englishman well-born who has gone to the bad; a type of man to be met with all over the colonies, who has been sent abroad so that he should not disgrace his people at home.

Staggering up to the bar he asks Kitty how she is and calls for a drink. There is rather a sharper tone than usual in her voice as she tells him that it is too late and that she is going to close. "You had better go back to the 'Corner Bar,' that is more in your line than this place, ain't it?" she adds.

"All right," he says, "I will clear out. I suppose I am not good enough for this shanty. So good-night."

"Stop," she said, changing her mind as he turned to go away; "you needn't be in such a hurry, I want to ask you something. What are you doing—where are you staying now?"

"Staying? Oh, anywhere. I slept on the veldt last night; I am going to sleep at old Sloeman's place to-night. He is a good sort, is old Sloeman—don't turn his back on a man because he is down on his luck. I am going to work with him."

Mr. Sloeman was the owner of some claims in one of the mines which nobody else had ever made pay, but in which, without doing much work, he managed to find a great many diamonds. He also was the proprietor of a canteen of more than shady reputation, and had an interest in one or two Kafir stores. Some people were unkind enough to suggest that his diamonds were bought at the canteen and stores from Kafirs who had stolen them from their masters. He had been from time to time very charitable in finding work for young men who were out of employ. A good many of these young men had afterwards attracted the attention of the detective police and found their way to the prison.

"Stop, Jack; you are not going up there to-night. One of my rooms is empty, you can have that. I wouldn't go up there to-night," said Kitty.

Jack said he would go—he was expected there.

"Stop, Jack, you're not so bad that you can't talk sense. You know what old Sloeman means, and what his game is. You have always been straight whatever they can say of you. Don't have anything to do with that old thief!"

"Yes, and a lot of good being straight has done me. Old Sloeman is a good deal better than the lot who turn their backs on me, and thief or not, I am going to work with him!"

"Well, Jack, have a drink before you go. I am sorry for what I said just now. We will have a drink together," said Kitty as she took down a bottle of whisky and some soda-water. Jack did not refuse—he seldom did refuse such an offer.

"Heaven forgive me!" said Kitty to herself as she more than half filled a tumbler with whisky. "That will just about finish him, but he shan't go up there to-night."

"That is rather a stiffish drink," he said as he finished it. Then he had another and forgot all about going up to Sloeman's, and Kitty called her Kafir boy to shut up the place and put Jack to bed in the spare room.

"The boss in the spare room he plenty bad this morning, missis," said Kitty's Kafir servant to her next morning as she was having her breakfast.

"Take him this; he will get all right," said Kitty, giving him some brandy in a bottle of soda-water. "That won't hurt him, though he will have to knock it off and pull himself together, for this child is going to look after him," she added to herself.

Very soon the Kafir came back. "The boss he drink the brandy and throw de soda at me. I think him going mad," he said rubbing his head.

Kitty was not much alarmed; she had seen a good deal of that sort of thing. She wondered whether it would be any good, if it were possible, to persuade Jack to become a Good Templar. She felt afraid that it would not be very easy and that he would shun the rejoicing there would be over him. He wanted some one to keep him straight, she thought, and, woman-like, she began to believe that one of her sex could do it. After some time Jack came out of his room. He had a blank stare on his face and said nothing, but walked into the street without his hat on. He was evidently queer, very queer, Kitty thought, as she led him back to his room and then sent her boy for the doctor.

"He is in for a bad go of fever; rather a nasty case—typhoid symptoms; knocked his constitution to bits with drink," said the doctor. "He will want a lot of looking after. He had better go to the hospital—the free ward—the paying wards are full; not that they would be much in his line if they were not," he added.

"I think he had better stay here, doctor," answered Kitty. "I will see after nursing him; you know, doctor, nursing is rather my forte."

"No one can see after him better than you, my dear," said the doctor, who knew Kitty well. "I fancy, however, he won't be a very profitable boarder for you; but that's your lookout."

"Oh, that is all right," said Kitty. "Come and see him again soon, doctor; remember I sent for you."

The doctor said he would come round again soon and drove off—thinking what a good little woman Kitty was, and wondering whether there was anything more than pity in her feeling for that ne'er-do-well, Jack Hope.

"I trust she don't care for him, for I am afraid there would be only trouble in it for her however it turned out," he thought to himself.

The doctor was right; it turned out a very nasty case of fever, and for weeks it looked very black. For the time the "Frozen Bar" lost its popularity. Kitty was hardly ever there, and when she was there was very little fun in her. She was always afraid that her customers would make too much noise. The old merry, almost reckless, look had left her and there was a more tender and soft expression in her face. She spent most of her time in a room behind the house—the coolest and best bedroom she had. Its late tenant, one of her most solvent boarders, had been somewhat disturbed and a good deal affronted at being moved out of it. But Kitty was determined to have it for the sick man, who for weeks was tossing on the bed in delirium. For a long time he did not recognize her or know where he was, and was a boy at school or a cadet at Sandhurst again. Then the delirium left him and he knew her, though he hardly seemed to ask himself where he was or how she came to be looking after him.

Perhaps the hours that poor little Kitty spent nursing him as he got better were some of the happiest in her life. Then he was never happy when she was away from him, and he used to watch her as a sick dog watches its master. He seemed so different, so much more like what he had been once and so unlike what he had become on the Diamond-fields.

When he grew stronger and able to talk about how he became ill, tears came into his eyes when he thanked her for her kindness. "If it had not been for you I should have gone up to old Sloeman's place at the West End, and if I had not died there should have become one of his lot," he said; "how good you have been to me."

As he grew stronger she began to think that he knew her secret, and there was something in his face which seemed to tell her that he felt something more than gratitude for her. Then she hardly ever came near him. He did not want any more nursing, she thought. One day he had got up, and she had been talking to him in her old cheery manner, telling him that he could pull himself together, and do as well as any one else, when what she had been half expecting came.

"Hers was the only influence," he said, "which could keep him straight. He knew she cared for him. If she would marry him he would be able to keep away from drink."

She told him the truth; she did not care for him. She would marry him if he wanted it, and would care to marry her. But he must show her first that he could reform. She knew that she was no "great shakes," she said, but she wasn't going to marry a man she could not trust to keep away from drink.

He promised that he would reform, and it was agreed that they were to wait for a year, and then they were to be married and leave the Diamond-fields, and go to some other colony. He was no great prize, this shattered invalid, who was far more likely than not to return to his old ways. But Kitty, for all that, had a hard struggle

with herself not to take him as he was, instead of waiting and perhaps losing him altogether. "No, she would not marry him there, it wouldn't be fair to him," she said; "she would wait till he was the man he was before he ever took to drink, and then if he cared to marry her she would be the proudest woman in the world."

Then she talked over a plan she had for him. She had bought some claims in the mine, he must work them for her. She was sure the ground would turn out well, and they would make lots of money.

That is how Jack Hope, who had utterly gone to the bad in the opinion of most men who knew him, got a start again.

Of course, their claims ought to have turned out well, and they ought to have found a big diamond, which would have made their fortune all at once. But Kitty's belief in the claims proved to be rather unfounded; some weeks they paid expenses, some they did not. Jack Hope ought at once to have become a reformed character, but he did not. More than once work was at a standstill in their claims for days, and he had to come to Kitty, shame-faced and haggard, with a sad story of transgression to tell. But she persuaded him to try again, and did her best to keep him straight, and at last he became stronger and better. Men began to think that he had some chance, he had been steady for a long time. Kitty was going to succeed in making something of him. He began to take some pride in himself, and at the end of twelve months he was a better man than he had been for years.

At that time there was an outbreak of Kaffirs and Griquas on the border of the province, and troops were raised on the Diamond Fields. There was plenty of military enthusiasm. Times were bad, and the Diamond Fields answered to the call for men to serve their country at a dollar a day. Store-keepers who could supply uniforms, and transport riders with wagons and oxen, came forward to help their country in its hour of need at a considerable profit to themselves. For Hope, the chance was just what he longed for.

Kitty did not try to prevent him from going out, for she thought it was the best thing he could do. She knew all his history now. How he had got into some trouble at Sandhurst, and had been sent abroad by his stern old uncle, who had determined not to leave the family acres to one who, he thought, was certain only to bring disgrace upon his family. She thought it only natural that he should wish to volunteer and take the chance of showing that there was something in him. When the Diamond Field Horse left the camp she went out to see them off, and felt proud of her lover, as she saw him ride off in his troop. "He won't come back a trooper," she said to herself, "if there is much fighting to be done."

She was right about his not coming back a trooper. When there was any work to be done he was in the thick of it, and he had some opportunities of showing that soldiering was a trade he was fit for. Promotion, such as it is, comes quickly in a colonial corps, and when he came back he had a commission. He came back a new man, proud of and confident in himself. For years his life had been all down the hill, and until Kitty had stretched out her kind little hand to help him every one had been content to speculate as to how long it would take him to get to the bottom. Perhaps he would have hardly cared to think how much she had done for him. She was so fond of him and proud of him it was only natural, he thought, but still it was gratifying. He was very pleased to see her again, and her bright little face and cheery manner were very charming to him. He, of course, was conscious that he was going to marry beneath him; still he got on with her better than he did with the few ladies he had ever met; for though he was a gentleman of excellent family he was not a very refined person.

They were to have been married in a few weeks when the Zulu war broke out, and Jack was offered a commission in an irregular cavalry regiment, and he accepted it and went off again to the war, leaving Kitty to wait for his return and look after the "Frozen Bar."

She prospered fairly well, though she began to encourage a class of custom which was not very remunerative. The warriors who had served with Jack and had plenty of stories to tell about him and themselves took to frequenting the bar, and Kitty would listen to these stories, somewhat to the neglect of gentlemen of the diamond market who, if their lives were less romantic, paid with greater regularity for what they had to drink.

There was a good deal to do in Zululand for the irregular horse, and when there was anything to be done Jack Hope was in his right place. He was present at Ziobani Hill on that fatal day on which so many of the light horse were killed. There were a good many brave deeds done that day, comrade risking life to save comrade in that wild rush from the Kaffirs who had again out-manœuvred their white foes. Hope was cool and collected on that day, as he usually was in danger.

As he rode down the hill for his life he heard a shout behind him. A young Guardsman, who had come out on special service, had come to grief: his horse had been killed and the Kaffirs were almost upon him. How Jack got through the Kaffirs and managed to get away with the man he saved he hardly knows, but he did, and he brought him back to safety on his horse.

A good deal was made of this, and perhaps all the more because the man he saved was the son of a great man. So Jack was much written about by special correspondents and talked about by society at home, and in time the news came out to South Africa that he was to be decorated.

One day Kitty heard this news at Kimberley, and was lent a packet of English papers which bore full accounts of Jack's deeds. She had taken the papers and one of Jack's letters which she had received some time before and had walked up to the Gardens (as a waste of land was called on which a few trees had been planted and a feeble attempt at gardening had been made); she wanted to be by herself to think it all over.

She read about Jack in the papers that he was the nephew of the General Hope who was so distinguished in the Crimea; that he had been educated at Harrow and had afterwards gone to South Africa. Every one at home seemed to be proud of him, she thought, as she read a gushing leader about him in one of the English papers.

Of course she thought it a very beautiful piece of writing and wondered what all the classical quotations meant, and who the long-named persons to whom Jack was compared were. And this was the man who loved her—this hero, this brave soldier. How she wished she was different from what she was.

A lady who would be fit for him, not a poor half-taught woman, who had lived a hard life amongst rough, coarse people, and had got the little education she had from the bits of plays she had learned and the novels she had read, and the queer side of society which she had seen. Well, if she was the finest lady in the world, she thought she would not be worthy of him.

Cynical little Kitty, who was so well able to sum any one up at their right value, and whose estimates were seldom too favorable, had at last set up an idol which she bowed down before and worshipped none the less reverently because her experience ought to have taught her that it was made of rather poor clay.

She had been sitting some time thinking over her past and wondering what her future would be, torturing herself by doubting whether he really did care for her or could care for her, and reading over his letter again and again when she heard Jack Hope's name spoken by some one.

She was sitting on a bench by a cactus hedge; there were two men on the other side who were talking all about him as a good many people in Kimberley were.

"I know all about him," one man said; "he comes from the same part of the country that I do. He would have had his uncle, General Hope's property, only he got into some row at Sandhurst, and his uncle said he had disgraced himself and turned him adrift. My people tell me that the General intends to have him back again and forgive him, he is so pleased at his getting decorated. So he'd be all right, only he has been fool enough to have got engaged to some woman out here. What's her name? That woman who keeps the 'Frozen Bar.'"

"By Jove! what a pity. She is not a bad little woman in her way, but one wouldn't care to introduce her to one's people at home as one's wife," said the other.

"Yes; I spoke to him about it when he was here last, but he didn't take what I said over well. I fancy he knew he was making a fool of himself and was sick of it, though it didn't matter then as there wasn't much chance of his uncle ever making it up with him."

Kitty did not hear any more, as the two men walked on, little knowing who had overheard them and what a cruel wound their words had given. "Yes, he could not get out of it—he was making a fool of himself. That is what people would say and it would be true."

He had always talked of his English life as something that was past and gone, which could never return to him; but now she understood that was all different.

She could remember something in his manner when she last saw him which she did not quite understand then; now she knew what it meant—he knew he was making a fool of himself.

Now, when he had distinguished himself, he would feel this all the more. She alone was keeping him from the life he was born for. Now when he knew what he was giving up what would he do? Would he come back to her out of pity or duty or a sense of honor, or would he desert her.

No, he never should do that; she would never give him the chance. If he married her how often he would repent it; how often he would think of what he had given up for her. "Yes," she thought to herself as she walked back to her house with all the gaiety and happiness taken out of her life, "she saw her way, though where it would lead her she did not know."

* * * * * *

Some weeks after Ulundi had been fought and the war was over Jack Hope was sitting in an arm-chair at the Crown Hotel at Maritzburg reading a letter from England. It was from his uncle, General Hope, and was to the point, as the old gentleman's letters usually were.

He had heard of Jack's gallant conduct and was very pleased. He was content to let bygones be bygones and receive him again. He was to come back and live at the Hall and he would have the place eventually.

The General went on to say that he had met some one who knew of Jack at Kimberley, and had heard an absurd story of his intending to make a disgraceful marriage with a barmaid.

If he intended to do that he need not answer the letter, otherwise he had better come home as soon as the war was over.

Jack read the letter over and over again with a troubled expression on his face. He did not like to give Kitty up. He was bound not to. He remembered, and it was not a very pleasant memory, all she had done for him and what he probably would have been if she had not again and again helped him up after he had slipped down.

Then, what a jolly little woman she was and how devoted she was to him. He had lots of money in his pocket; every one thought him a very fine fellow; he would do what he liked. He would not give Kitty up and he would tell the General so. He would sit down and write at once.

As he sat down to write he began to see the other side of the question. How much he was giving up—a fine old place, as good a position as a man could want, and instead of that he was to end his days in South Africa or in some other colony. His decoration would not be much good to him unless he stuck to colonial soldiering, which was a poor life.

No, he would put off writing the letter. Then he remembered that he had not heard from Kitty for some time. She used to send him every week a funny, ill-spelled letter, in which the news of the camp was told very humorously. He would walk to the Post Office.

On his way he met several men he knew who were just going home. How he would like to go too; it was useless trying not to regret. There was a letter from Kitty. It was dated from Cape Town. At first he hardly understood it as he read it:

"DEAR JACK:—It is all a mistake there being anything between you and me. We don't suit. Your people would have nothing to do with me, and you had better go home to them, now that every one must be proud of you. You would break down as a returned prodigal if you had to answer for me as well as yourself. Don't answer this letter, for I am sick of the country and before you get this shall have cleared.

"KITTY."

Jack read the letter again and again; it would be difficult to describe what his feelings were. He felt half mortified to think that she could have persuaded herself to give him up. Then he saw that she was acting for his good, and for a minute or two he had determined to find out where she was and to follow her.

But it would be no good. After all, the strongest feeling he experienced was one of relief. He had got out of it. He had time to answer his uncle's letter, and he ought to answer it by the next mail, and he would. He needn't say anything about Kitty. Of course he never would forget her, and perhaps—well, anyhow, he would go home.

Jack Hope did not write to his uncle by that mail; he went home by it instead. He received a warm welcome from his uncle, for he had atoned for his sins and was a nephew of whom any one might be proud. He sometimes thought about Kitty, but it was no use trying to find her, and about a year after he had come home he was engaged to marry a lady of very excellent county family and considerable property, who was fascinated by his good looks and his romantic history.

Yet he might have found Kitty. She never went very far, for she somehow knew that his search after her would not be very determined. She stayed in the colony until she saw Jack's name in the list of passengers home, and then returned to the "Frozen Bar." She is there still.

She has made a fortune and lost it again speculating in shares. She is a little more bitter and hard than she was. "Seems soured by dropping so much over shares!" is the opinion of several Diamond-holders. However, she does a good many kind actions, and will do a good turn to many a man who is down on his luck, though she is not likely to have a more tender feeling than pity for any one.

The Half-Sister.

BY E. L. PERCEY.

THAT pretty house just beyond the Terrace was let, and the name of the gentleman who had taken it was Carteret—Oliver Carteret. The Misses Langton, when they heard the news as they were leisurely discussing their breakfast, wavered between pleasureable excitement and envy.

It was awfully nice to have near neighbors, for Enthorpe, though a seaside resort, was not a popular one, and was undoubtedly dull; and who that lived in the cramped semi-genteel houses composing "The Terrace" could help coveting the one this Mr. Carteret had secured?

It was not only larger, but better built and better situated, commanding a fine sea-view, whereas the ladies on the Terrace had to screw their necks out of window to see it at all; it also stood in its own grounds, and they were both extensive and charmingly laid out.

"Sarah caught a glimpse of him at the grocer's last evening, where he was ordering in stores most liberally," said Berinthia Langton, rising to admire herself in the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, "and she says he is young, handsome, and gentlemanly."

"Then he will be worth knowing," cried her twin-sister Ermina, also rising to attitudinize in front of the mirror between the windows, "and if he is nice, and can be persuaded to let us use his lawn for tennis, we may have a pleasant autumn after all."

"But we shall have to take care that those odious daughters of the doctor do not get hold of him. Nasty, sanctimonious things! every time I meet them on their tract-distributing expeditions they draw down the corners of their mouths, and heave gentle sighs, as if they pitied us for not being as goody-goody as themselves."

"They are horrid; they are detestable!" Ermina exclaimed. "We *must* be beforehand with them. Mamma shall call upon Mr. Carteret as she goes down to the beach this morning; it will be so easy to say that, hearing he was there alone, and new to Enthorpe, she wanted to know if she could be of any service to him."

"Capital! it will sound so kind and friendly. Do you hear, mamma?"

"Oh yes, my love!" said portly, placid Mrs. Langton, without looking up from the book she was devouring in the intervals of drinking her coffee and eating her toast. "Nothing could look nicer. I always said that color became you."

"You are not listening to me. I declare you have not heard a word I said!" pouted the young lady. "I was not speaking of my dress, but of Laurel Lodge. It is let to a Mr. Carteret."

"The heroine's name is not Laurel Lodge, my dear," Mrs. Langton mildly corrected, as she turned over a page; "it is Ethel—I wish I had called you Ethel, my love—and the secret of her birth is kept up so well that, although I am nearly at the last chapter, I haven't discovered it."

"Oh, mamma, never mind that odious novel; you can finish it on the beach. Do pay attention to us for a minute or two," implored her daughters. "You will have to call at Laurel Lodge, and make the acquaintance of this Mr. Carteret. He is young, handsome, gentlemanly, and we want to know him."

"Of course, of course; but it is too early yet. Cannot I finish my book first?"

"I never did see anyone like mamma!" muttered Berinthia, pettishly. "She is so absorbed in the fortunes of imaginary heroines that she takes no trouble about ours! I intended to take the omnibus to the market town and get some new gloves—my others are awfully shabby—and some ribbon for my hat; but if we leave her she will forget to dress herself decently, and we cannot let her present herself before Mr. Carteret in a shabby shawl and a faded bonnet! Will you, Min, take care that she makes a respectable toilette?"

"No," said Ermina, point blank; "I want to go shopping as well as you. Let Malda look after mamma; she has nothing else to do."

Considering that the said Malda kept the housekeeping accounts, made the pastry, mended and darned, altered and turned dresses for her half-sisters and their mother, and, in a word, made herself generally useful, it may be doubted whether she had not something else to do; but then she never dreamed of murmuring at her multifarious tasks, or, if she had, who would have listened to her?

The only child of her deceased father by his first marriage, she was left at his death quite dependent on his second wife, who had, by the way, a nice little income of her own. Her stepmother was too good-natured to treat her unkindly; and had she been tall, and plump, and rosy, like the beautiful twins, Mrs. Langton might have felt a greater interest in her; but, for want of the maternal care that lady was too much engrossed in her daughters and her novels to bestow upon her, she had grown up thin, and pale, and silent, content to be set aside for the beauties.

She was quickly summoned from the store-room to put the finishing touches to the walking-costumes of her half-sisters, and receive their final injunctions ere they started.

"You are quite sure we look nice, Malda? You have a needle there—sew up this hole in my glove; and then run and fetch me a handkerchief, there's a darling. Oh, dear! I wish I had asked you to look and see whether I left my purse on my dressing-table, but you'll not mind fetching it, will you? You'll have plenty of time to rest after we have started."

"Don't forget you promised us a cabinet-pudding for dinner," Ermina, who loved good things, looked back to remind her.

"Oh! and Malda, be sure you keep mamma up to calling on Mr. Carteret. Of course you'll take care that she is neatly dressed, and don't forget to coach her in what she is to say. We want her to make a good impression on him; and—but you quite understand, don't you?"

"No, I do not," said Malda, quietly. "As both of you are engaged——"

She was eagerly interrupted.

"No, no, not positively engaged. Harry Manson is very—well, and so is Min's flame, his partner; but then they are only lawyers, and lawyers are not gentlemen, and every girl has a right to do the best she can for herself."

"What is the best?" Malda queried, so significantly that neither of the twins was ready with a reply.

"You are so funny and old-fashioned in your notions one never knows what to say to you," laughed Berinthia. "But ask yourself who would not prefer a gentleman wealthy enough to rent Laurel Lodge for the season, to a struggling man of the law, who would shut up his wife in a dull street in a country town?"

"And don't keep us talking, or we shall miss the 'bus," added Ermina. "And whatever else you neglect, don't neglect to send mamma to interview Mr. Carteret."

This was not so easily effected as the beauties seemed to expect. While they dazzled the eyes of a score of young farmers—it was market-day—with their fine figures and glowing faces, and bewildered more rustic maidens with the elegant costumes they owed to the good taste of Malda, Mrs. Langton proved impracticable till she had finished her novel.

She was a slow reader as well as a sympathetic one, and shed so many tears over the sorrows of the heroine that she had to be fanned, and her eyes sponged with

rose-water to reduce the swelling and general redness of her broad, unmeaning features. Then her boots must be buttoned for her, as stooping was apt to make her feel faint; her pudgy fingers must be coaxed into her gloves, and her tendency to wear her headgear awry, and her mantle flying loose, must also be guarded against, and who was to do this but Maida?

And when Mrs. Langton was ready to step into the donkey-chair in which she went to and fro on the beach, not because she was ill, but simply from indolence, she refused to stir without her step-daughter.

"What that poor dear girl underwent all through those three volumes—and there was a lot of reading in them, my love—keeps running in my head to such an extent that I am sure I should not be able to remember what Mia and Brinthy bade me say to him. Now, with you at my elbow to prompt me, I shall be all right; so put on your hat, and pray don't keep me waiting."

When the twins returned from the town they rushed in search of their mother. The day was intensely hot, and she had fallen into a slumber too profound to be disturbed by their entrance.

It was Maida who answered their questions.

Yes, Mrs. Langton had seen Mr. Carteret. He happened to open the gate just as her chair was stopped at it, and had chatted very agreeably for some minutes.

"Well—and then?" was asked, breathlessly.

"And then he said that, as one of the children——"

"The children!" gasped Ermina.

"Did not seem to have recovered the effects of his journey, and fretted if his mother——"

"*His mother!*" echoed Berinthia.

"Attempted to leave him, Mr. Carteret regretted that he could not ask mamma to stay and see Mrs. Carteret. Another time, perhaps——"

Ermina threw up her hands.

"Then he is a married man! What an awful swindle! I did so hope Laurel Lodge would be let to nice people. I declare one is always disappointed!"

What did it signify now that Oliver Carteret, Esq., was handsome, gentlemanly, and on the youthful side of thirty? The beauties had lost all interest in him; and when he once more appeared at his gate, just as they happened to be passing it in the wake of Mrs. Langton and the donkey-chair, they did not wait for the introduction they had once coveted, but walked on with their well shaped noses in the air, deaf to the maternal voice that bade them stop. Why should they waste their sweetness on the desert air of a married man? asked Ermina, and Berinthia responded, "Why, indeed?"

* * * * * *

Mrs. Langton, like her daughters, had a weakness for handsome, gentlemanly men, and unlike them, she willingly paused to renew her acquaintance with the tenant of Laurel Lodge.

As Maida was always supposed to keep an eye on the restless urchin who guided the donkey, she was forced to stop also, and was perhaps, the first to see that Mr. Carteret was looking grave, and even harassed.

Moreover, he was burdened with a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed dumpling of a baby-girl, who hid her face on his shoulder as soon as she caught sight of the strange ladies.

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Langton," the young man said. "As an older inhabitant than myself you may be able to recommend me a couple of decent women-servants.

"I must tell you honestly how we are situated," he went on to say. "Before quitting town, Mrs. Carteret had reason to fear that the little boys had been inadvertently taken into a house where one of their school-fellows was lying ill with malignant fever. She hoped, and so did I, that, by hurrying them into the purer air of Enthorpe, they would escape the infection, but I am sorry to say Johnnie is really ill, and Freddie also appears to be sickening."

"How very unfortunate for them!" said Mrs. Langton, sympathetically.

"And for their mother," Mr. Carteret added, "I am all the more uneasy on her account, because she happens to be in very delicate health. But the greatest annoyance we have to contend with at present is the selfish conduct of our servants. At the first hint of danger the cook and housemaid packed their boxes and departed, leaving us to do the best we can. Nurse, who is a good, faithful woman, is devoting herself to her mistress and the sick children, but she cannot do everything single-handed. She must have assistance, and I do not know where to get it."

Mrs. Langton immediately commenced reckoning up on her fingers the names of the young women at or near Enthorpe who went to service; but as she finished her list with a shake of her head, and a doubt whether either of their mothers would consent to let them enter a house where a contagious disease was rife, Mr. Carteret's hopes of gaining the aid he sought were blighted as soon as they had been aroused.

While Mrs. Langton talked, the baby-girl ventured to raise her rosy face, and the next minute she had been coaxed into the arms of Maida, her masculine nurse looking on meditatively and admiringly while the little creature's ruffled hair was deftly smoothed as well as her crumpled pinafore, her sleeve ribbons and sash retied, and traces of a sticky meal removed with Maida's handkerchief.

"I wish, my dear, you would try if you cannot suggest someone," Mrs. Langton exclaimed to her daughter, reprovingly. "When a neighbor is in a dilemma we ought to give all the assistance we can. Could you not walk as far as Nanny Sims' cottage? She is an excellent charwoman, and might be induced to come here till some better engagement could be entered into."

"I will go with pleasure," said Maida, promptly; and unheeding Mr. Carteret's assurance that he could not think of troubling her, she transferred the child to him, and her quick step soon carried her out of hearing.

But she came back disappointed. The name of fever had frightened the charwoman, though her refusal was based on the ground that no one else would venture to employ her as soon as it became known that she had been at Laurel Lodge.

Maida was warmly thanked for her efforts, and saying that he would have to appeal to one of the nursing sisterhoods in London, Mr. Carteret prepared to carry the child indoors.

"She is beginning to fret for her dinner, and we must go and forage in the larder for something fit for such a wee Birdie to eat."

But with an intuitive feeling that this would not be a success, Birdie held out her arms to Maida, and, clinging about her neck, would not be taken away.

"I think you must let me feed her," said the secretly-delighted girl, her pale face glowing, her sad eyes sparkling. The caresses of those baby arms awoke in her a fount of gladness; it was so delicious to be loved and depended on that she had never felt so happy before!"

"You are sure you are not afraid to enter the house? Do you think I ought to let you?" Mr. Carteret debated.

"I am not afraid, and you, mamma, you will not object?"

"I—I suppose it will not hurt you," said Mrs. Langton, who was not accustomed to decide for herself. "Perhaps I had better go and hear what my dear girls think about it."

The donkey plodded on, and as the hungry child was now crying in right earnest, Maida, declining to be relieved of her precious burden, carried her into the house.

It wore the forlorn aspect the desertion of the servants had produced; and avoiding the dusty parlors, she peeped into the kitchen, where she rejoiced to find a fire burning.

Here she cheerfully went to work, and with the aid of some eggs and milk, soon contrived to set a hasty meal before Mr. Carteret as well as the little girl, the former having admitted that a slice of bread was all he had eaten since the previous day.

And now the nurse, who had been snatching a few hours' repose after the fatigues of the night, came down, and was truly grateful to find the charge of Birdie taken off her hands, and a clever, capable housewife ready to lend further assistance in preparing nourishment for the invalids and their delicate mother.

But when Birdie proclaimed herself "sleepy," and was laid in her cot for her after-dinner nap, Maida was taken possession of by Mr. Carteret, who wheeled an easy chair into a cozy corner, piled it with the softest of cushions, and insisted on placing her in it.

"We must be prudent, Miss Langton, and not let you wear yourself out in our service. You have been hard at work ever since I went to the garden-gate despondent and captured a household fairy. You are going to shut your eyes for an hour at least, and I shall read you to sleep."

When the beauties declared, with a scream of dismay, that it would never—never do to let Maida return home after entering an infected house, none of the occupants of Laurel Lodge regretted it.

"I dare not come near you," wrote Mrs. Carteret in the note nurse brought downstairs to Maida. "For your sake as well as my little girl's and Oliver's, I must confine myself to the nursery; but in my heart I thank you hourly, dear, kind Miss Langton, for your goodness, and I pray fervently that you may not be the sufferer by it."

So for some days after Maida took up her residence at Laurel Lodge her intercourse with Mrs. Carteret was confined to seeing her at the window, in front of which Birdie, resplendent in new ribbons and fresh from her morning bath, was daily held up for mamma's inspection.

Presently a couple of pale little faces began to appear beside their mother's. The attack had been but a slight one after all, and ere long a spell of mild sunny weather warranted the opening of the window and the carrying on of conversation with the nursery captives.

By the time the doctor sanctioned daily drives a couple of respectable domestics had been procured, and Maida protested that she was no longer required; but Mr. Carteret insisted that it would not be prudent for her to leave the Lodge until not a shadow of danger remained to alarm the most apprehensive.

The beauties were astonished to find how much they missed their unassuming half-sister. As they had to wait upon themselves, and Mrs. Langton never met them without a complaint of something wrong in the housekeeping, they felt themselves ill-used by Maida's defection, and resented it violently.

When she did come home her bright looks, her happy smiles, and the change they could not but discern in her was a fresh offence. By this time they had filled her place with a lady help, a disputatious spinster, who, if not as useful, was far more complimentary, and made up for her other deficiencies by the most skilful flatteries.

"I wonder you did not stay with your new friends altogether!" Berinthia observed with a toss of her head. "After deserting us for fresh faces without the slightest compunction, I am astonished that you have come back to us at all!"

"Dear Berinthia, you forget under what circumstances I stayed so long with Mrs. Carteret. Besides, mamma sanctioned it."

"She could not have intended to do so!" cried Ermina. "Charity should always begin at home. However, we have learned to do without you."

"In that case I need not hesitate to accept Mrs. Carteret's invitation to accompany her to London," said Maida, with quiet dignity.

"Dear me, why she is making quite a friend of you! Does her husband second the invitation?"

Maida's color began to rise.

"Mrs. Carteret's husband is an officer now serving in Egypt under Lord Wolseley. It was her husband's brother who hastened to her assistance when she was alarmed about her little boys, and who came with her to Enthorpe."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Oliver Carteret is not a married man!" screamed Ermina. "Then it is a regular swindle."

This was strong language, and Berinthia's was not much better.

"It was too bad of you to deceive us so, Maida."

"How can you blame me? I did not know it myself till I had been at Laurel Lodge for two or three days, and was teaching Birdie to call him papa."

"I don't believe it; or if it's true you have known it some time and might have told us before."

"You forget that I was forbidden to approach you."

The beauties debated whether it would be too late to retrieve their mistake, and determined to make a call upon Mr. and Mrs. Carteret, and congratulate them on the recovery of the little boys.

But they only saw the delicate little lady; only heard from her the praises of their half-sister; and when they returned home, marvelling that they had never found Maida so interesting a personage, it was to learn that Oliver Carteret has been closeted with their mother.

"He has told me the amount of his income," Mrs. Langton informed her daughters, "seven hundred per annum, my loves, and he came to ask my consent to his marrying Maida. It is almost romantic enough for a novel, isn't it? I have felt too excited to finish my book, although it's a very interesting one."

For a whole week her hearers sulked and persisted in considering themselves ill-used; but at the end of that time better feelings prevailed, and they began to be proud and fond of the gentle, self-sacrificing girl they were losing.

They figured as bridesmaids at Maida's wedding; and learning a good lesson from the failure of their matrimonial scheme, they have renewed their engagement with the young lawyers, and Mrs. Langton will soon be called upon to part with the beauties as well as their half-sister.

SHAKSPEARE'S NAME.—The orthography of names, especially old names, is of a very doubtful character. The family name of the Wellers was sometimes spelled with a "Wee."

Now how shall we spell Shakspeare? Who shall say? One author has shown, beyond a question, that in four of the six genuine signatures of Shakspeare which have come down to us, the name is written by the poet himself, Shakspere. The remaining two, though most illegibly written, evidently contain eleven or twelve letters. More than this, it is very evident that the name was originally, and, indeed, as late as the earlier years of William Shakspeare himself, pronounced Shak-sper. The manner in which it is spelled in the old records in which it is found varies almost to the extreme capacity of letters to change places and produce a sound approximating to that of the name as we pronounce it. It appears as Chacspe, Schaxpur, Saxspur, Schakspur, Schaxpur, Shakespeyr, Shagspere, Saxpere, Shaxpere, Shexpeare, Shaxsper, Shaxpyer, Saxpespere, Shakspere, Soakspear, Shakespere, Shackespere, Shackespere, Shakeper, Shakespere, Shakspeare, Shakespeire, Shakespeur, Shak speare; and there are even other varieties of its orthography. It is remarkable that the older the record, the more frequently conforms to the pronunciation, Shakspur, or Shaxpur. But it is equally remarkable that on the title pages of all the editions of Shakspeare's plays published during his life, almost without exception, as well as upon those of the original folio, his name is spelled Shakspeare. More than this; in the first folio edition of Ben Jonson's works, published in 1616, and carefully edited by Jonson himself, Shakespeare's name occurs twice in the lists of principal actors, and in both instances spelled with the *e* in the first syllable and the *a* in the second; and not only so, but in the second list the syllables are separated with a hyphen, and the second begins with a capital letter, thus, Shake-Speare.

BOOTOLOGY is the latest elogy—that is to say, the character can be told by the boot. Heavy-nailed boots, as a rule, show a want of scientific knowledge, and absence of a knowledge of art; boots without soles bespeak poets, dreamers, inventors; toe-boots are typical of stubbornness and habits of thought; broad-toed boots, philosophers and worshippers of ease and comfort; slippers, a sluggish disposition; and no boots at all, rampant vagabondism.

TEACHING and training must go hand in hand; right feeling and right doing must keep pace with right knowing.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

While preparing a new map of the customs districts, the Treasury Department discovered the name of certain port of entry which, although it figured upon the official lists, was not mentioned on any map of modern date. The Coast Survey Bureau could not specify the whereabouts of the missing harbor; but it was finally established that there had once been such a place in Maryland, and that fifty years ago it was washed away by the sea. Yet, until quite lately, the place was borne on the Treasury books as one of the ports of entry of the United States; and, moreover, a person calling himself the Collector of the Port had been drawing his salary with great regularity ever since the disappearance of the place.

In Paris they no longer hiss the play of an unpopular dramatist. They hire twenty people, whom they place in various conspicuous parts of the house. At a given moment the twenty begin to yawn vigorously. Yawning is unfortunately infectious. In five minutes every one in the parquet yawns, and in ten the people in the boxes do likewise. The infection spreads rapidly to the amphitheatre and the gallery, and at about the close of the second act, even the players catch it. The prompter yawns in his box, and the wretched author himself, as he stands at the wings, yawns too, in spite of his anxiety. By this time the piece is doomed, and the malicious concoctors of the plot are able to go their ways home.

Not long ago one of our American inventors discovered how to make artificial oysters. A Frenchman of equal ingenuity is now manufacturing artificial oysters, which, until they are subjected to a chemical or microscopic examination, cannot be distinguished from genuine ones. Natural shells are used, and after being filled with certain substances, the composition of which is a secret, they are fastened together with isinglass and immersed in a liquor that speedily covers them with a thin but hard deposit of stone. The flavor of these oysters is said to exactly resemble that of the best. An analyst reports, however, that they contain a dangerous proportion of copper, and that the consumption of a couple of dozen of them would probably be attended with serious, if not fatal, consequences. The sham oysters are, nevertheless, being freely sold in Paris at a price greatly below that which is charged for "Blue Points."

It is no uncommon thing in this country for men and women who have been divorced to re-marry their repudiated partners. A Vermont paper contains an account of a case in point. Some time ago a woman applied at the County Court at Isle aux Pond for a divorce from her husband on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. The decree was in due course pronounced, for in Vermont divorce is an easy business; but instead of going away in opposite directions, the emancipated pair left the court arm-in-arm together. The man insisted upon seeing the woman to the nearest station, and then all the way to their home thirty miles off, and ere he parted from her he had persuaded her to marry him once more. Still more extraordinary is a story which is reported from Lewistown, Maine. A woman called to see a lawyer in that town, and, having reminded him that twelve months before he had been instrumental in procuring a divorce for her explained that she had since become engaged to her late husband. He, also, had since died, and she wished to sue him for breach of promise to marry.

The autocratic power of the Czar is well illustrated in the following story, which is told by a Berlin paper: During the recent Russian military manœuvres on the Austrian frontier, the Czar learnt that he was to be visited on the following day by the Crown Prince of Prussia. The Russian Emperor holds honorary rank in the Prussian army, and etiquette demanded that to receive a Prussian prince, he should wear a Prussian uniform. But, unfortunately, he had nothing of the kind with him at his headquarters. What he wanted was at St. Petersburg, nearly six hundred miles away. The prince was coming to breakfast at seven, and it was already just six o'clock in the evening. The Czar summoned an aid-de-camp, and said, "I want my Prussian uniform before seven o'clock to-morrow morning. It is at St. Petersburg. Get it." The officer hastened away to the field telegraph station, and wired to the capital; whence, in a very few minutes, a pilot engine, bearing the wished-for uniform, started at full speed for the Austrian frontier. Meantime, messages were sent to every station, and all other traffic was summarily stopped. By these means the parcel which left St. Petersburg at half-past six, reached its destination in about twelve hours. The speed of the engine averaged therefore nearly fifty miles an hour, a rate which has hitherto been unheard of in Russia.

SAYS WILLIAM PENN.—Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too near lest it burn thee; if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee; if thou accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if thou dissociate it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace.

Our Young Folks.

"WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?"

BY HENRY FRITH.

WHEN Ted and George Black came back from school last night there was no snow on the ground, but since then there had been such a fall that now it lay quite thick and crisp; the boughs of the trees bent down with its weight, and each nook and crook of wall and fence had a share too.

It was the last week of the term at Sheen Hall school, and the minds of most of the boys were full of this thought, "have I a chance of a prize?"

Ted and George went to this school now. They had come to West Sheen to live, for they had no home of their own. Mr. and Mrs. Black were both dead, and had left them in charge of a friend, Mr. Sims. He had brought them to his own home, and said he would treat them as his own sons. Mr. and Mrs. Sims had one child of their own—a girl—whose name was Grace; she was eight years old, the same age as George, whilst Ted was ten.

She was glad they had come there to live for it was nice for her to have them to play with and to talk to.

The boys were soon quite at home with Grace and Mrs. Black, but they still felt shy and strange with Mr. Black.

For an hour at a time Ted would sit with pen and ink, and draw and etch all kinds of things, and his mind was so bound up in it, he took no heed of what went on round him.

Grace and George might romp as they would, but so long as they left him in peace he did not mind: but if in play they ran off with his paint-box or his pens, or a sketch he had just done, he would rouse up, and, as George said, "get in such a rage."

George was a sharp, quick boy, and when he chose, could keep well at the top of his class. Ted was not as quick as George, but he took more pains with his work. The one thing he could do well was to draw, and the one prize he had set his heart on was the prize for the best sketch from life; for this he had drawn "Grace's cat."

"I hope you will get that prize," said George, as they went on their way to school.

"Yes," said Ted; "I hope I shall to; and I say, George, do you know what I have made up my mind to do when I grow up?"

Ted, as a rule, kept his thoughts and plans to himself, and George felt quite proud when he let him share in them, and know them.

"No," said he; "do tell me."

"Well, I mean to draw and paint all day long, and then I shall sell what I have done, and some day I may be quite a rich man."

"But you'll have to stay in the house all day long," said George, and he thought to himself, "what a stuff you are," but he did not say so, as Ted would have thought him rude.

"I mean to go to sea, so that I can leave school soon."

Then he bent down, made up a good snowball, and threw it at some of the boys who stood at the gate of the school. Then there was a great fight and fun till the school bell rang and put an end to it.

That night, when tea was done, Mr. Sims took a book down from his shelf, and said—

"Ted, would you like to look at my old sketch-book?"

"Yes, please sir," said the boy, and the look in his eyes spoke his thanks far more than his words could have done.

Ted kept the book a long time, then gave it back to Mr. Sims, and said—

"I wish I could draw as well as that, sir."

"Well, my boy, you will some day, if you make up your mind to work hard at it. Those books there are full of good prints. I will let you see them one day, and if you gain a prize at school, I will give you one of them for your own."

"Ted means to draw and paint when he grows up, and says he shall sell what he does and grow rich," said George, who thought this would be a good time to break the news to Mr. Sims that he meant to go to sea, and hint to him that he should like to leave school as soon as he could.

"Oh, does he?" said Mr. Sims. "That means hard work for some years to come, but I hope he may do so some day."

Ted's cheeks grew quite hot at these words, and he thought, "why does George talk about what I say?"

The boys had not been gone long the next day when Mrs. Sims had to take up some new shirts for Ted and put them in his box, and in it she found Mr. Sims' sketch-book, and one of his books of prints.

When she went down, she said to Mr. Sims—

"Did you give these books to Ted, for they were both in his box?"

"No," said he; "this is a strange thing. I did lend him the sketch-book last night, but he gave it me back, and put it in its place on the shelf. It was not right of him to take it like that. I must speak to him and tell him so when he comes in."

Grace was in the room when Mr. Sims said this. She thought it strange too, but felt sure when Ted came home he would tell how it was it had got there.

Yet all that day she could not get it out of her thoughts. It was a bad day at school with her; she sat at her desk with her books in front of her, but for all she learnt from them they might have been shut up, and she at play at home.

When the boys came home, Mr. Sims spoke to Ted, but the boy said he did not take the books; he did not know they were in his box, for he had not been to it that day.

Mr. Sims said if he would speak the truth and tell him why he had done it, he would pass it by this time; but try how he might, no more could he get from Ted than, "I did not take the books."

"Till I have proof of it, Ted, I must think you did," said Mr. Sims. "And if your wish to draw well is so strong that it leads you to do wrong, and act in such a way, and say what is not true, you must give it up at once. I will not let you learn to draw next term."

The next few days went by, but not a word did Ted say to lead Mr. Sims to know why the book was found in his box.

The boy's face was pale and sad; though he had won the prize on which his heart was set, it gave him no joy. He would not talk to George and Grace, though they both said they knew he was not to blame.

Mr. Sims had some work to do which kept him up late one night. It was past twelve when he saw Ted come in at the door; the boy was in his night-shirt, and with bare feet.

Had he come at last to tell Mr. Sim's the tale of the books?

No; he did not seem to see him, that was so strange, for he went straight up to the book-shelf, put his hand on the book of prints, drew it out, held it tight in his arms and went back to the door.

Mr. Sims sat quite still, and as the light fell on the boy's face he saw for the first time that, though his eyes were not shut, he was in a deep sleep.

He took great care not to wake him, for that is a bad thing to do, but went with the boy and found he made straight for his room, put the book in his box, and then went back to bed.

The next day Mr. Sims said—

"Ted, do you know that you walk in your sleep?"

"Yes," said the boy; "I know I have done it two or three times."

"Well, Ted, you did it last night. Go up now to your room and find my book of prints. It is in your box. You took it in your sleep, and that is how it went last time. Oh, how much it grieves me to think of what you have gone through this last two weeks! Cheer up now, my poor boy, and I will help you as far as I can, so that in time to come you may gain your wish, and paint and draw so well that you may live to be one of the great men of the day."

THE WIZARD'S BELL.

BY S. E. GIRTON.

ONE day, in an Eastern city, a wizard lay dying, so he called to his bedside his three sons, Hugo, Roderick and Karl, and said to them—

"My dear boys I shall soon have to leave you, and I feel very anxious about your lives, more especially about you, Hugo and Roderick."

Then addressing Hugo, the elder, he went on—

"Beware above all of your selfishness and avariciousness. And you, Roderick, think less of your strength—it is not the sword alone that conquers. And you, my sweet Karl, be not always timid and shrinking back. You can now each make choice of one of my possessions. You Hugo, as the eldest, must choose first."

"There is only one thing, father, I long for more than anything else, and that is thy gold; pray give it me all, and make not the condition that I must share it with my brothers."

The wizard looked sadly at his eldest born, but there was no longer time for words.

"As for me," cried Roderick, "I am glad my brother has so chosen. I do not want gold; what I want is thy sword, set in jewels; with this I shall be more powerful than my brother, for he can only buy men—I can slay them."

"And what wilt thou have, Karl?"

"I do not know," answered the boy wistfully; could not I have some of Hugo's gold?" and it was as he caught sight of his father's pale sad face, he said with a burst of tears, "Oh, I want only something that will remind me of thee."

The wizard took the boy's hands, and said—

"I leave thee my bell. Stronger than the sword and more powerful than riches shalt thou find my gift of the bell."

It was a very tiny brass bell, small enough to go into Karl's pocket; and he vowed to himself he would keep it there in memory of his father, although, much as he pondered, he could not make out how it would be of any use to him.

Soon after his brothers departed, the one to spend his money on feasting and pleasure, and the other to foreign countries where he could use his marvellous sword.

But Karl, as he had been left neither money nor sword, was forced to look about for some work, and by good fortune he was taken into the employ of a kind-hearted baron as page-boy.

One day the lad, hot and breathless after a long gallop, whilst following his master on horseback, heard some exquisite strains of music quite close to him.

He stopped short, believing it must be some rare bird. But nothing could be seen. He listened again—it was coming from his own pocket; it was coming from the bell, which only gave forth these lovely sounds when it was heated.

Karl listened in rapture, and the faster he rode the more rich and varied was the music, but as he grew cooler the sounds began to die away, and by the time he reached the baron they had ceased.

Soon after this Karl received a visit from his elder brother, who was about to start off for foreign lands and join his brother Roderick.

He offered to take Karl with him; so he and Hugo set out forthwith, and were well received by Roderick, who, by the aid of his marvellous sword, was now a very great soldier.

The three brothers then started on a tour, and Karl could not help being amused at Hugo's arrogant pride in his wealth, and Roderick's in his strength.

One day they came to a town from which the inhabitants were fleeing with affrighted faces. On demanding the cause they were told that a terrible rebellion had taken place amongst the wildest and most turbulent of the people; and that at that very moment a great mob was surrounding the king's palace and threatening to burn him and his beautiful daughter to death. They implored the brothers to turn back, saying the mob would massacre strangers at once, but Hugo said gaily—

"I'll throw my gold amongst them, that will soon stop them," whilst Roderick said shortly—

"I'll end the matter by ending them with my sword."

Hugo mounted on to a wall, and began throwing his gold with both hands. The people were so surprised that for a moment they stood quite still; and then a worse thing happened, for men and women were trampling upon each other in their greediness to get all the gold for themselves. At last the mob got so wild with excitement that they rushed upon Hugo where he stood, and began to tear the gold from his hands.

It was at that moment that Roderick, with his marvellous sword, flew to the rescue; but although it did wonders and Hugo was freed, the surging crowd of wild animals was too much for Roderick single-handed, and alas, he had to flee himself for his life.

At that terrible instant something happened so strange, so rare, that even the furious fierce men stopped, and wiped their heated faces and listened.

How could they continue in their angry passions whilst the sweetest and most divine music they had ever conceived was was ringing though the air, bringing love and peace along with it?

No one spoke; women whose faces had been hard and cruel a little while back now wept as they listened to the wondrous music; whilst men hung their heads and wondered that they were allowed to hear the divine tones, so sweet, so strong, so gentle.

Night came on, and the three brothers slept at the village inn, the two elder being somewhat humbled at the failure of the weapons they had thought invincible. And as they did not know anything of Karl's magic bell, great was their amazement when, the next morning, a messenger arrived from the king's palace, saying that Karl's presence was required immediately.

When the three brothers reached the palace they found the king surrounded by an immense crowd of eager courtiers and citizens.

As Karl entered—his face very hot and flushed, and feeling very shy—a little wise old man from the village stepped forward, and taking Karl's hand declared he had stood near him during the riot of the night before, and was positive the music came from him.

Then Karl, who was blushing a good deal, modestly told the king and people, who were listening in breathless silence, how he had received the wonderful bell, which he took out of his pocket and handed to the king's chamberlain, from his father, who was a wizard.

When he had finished the people crowded around him, and besought him to stay always, and brighten their lives by his sweet music.

And when Karl looked upon their faces and thought how, by his precious bell, he could bring peace and joy and happiness into their lives, he at last understood his father's words that there was something stronger than force, and more powerful than gold.

THE RABBIT'S DAY-DREAM.

IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE 1.—He was a nice little rabbit—not fat and lazy, but active and lively. He had been frisking about all day in the sand hills by the sea. The sportsman's gun had not shot him, nor had the cat or fox's snare entrapped him. He had felt such a good time in it he had been able to think he would surely have said to himself, "I have been so very happy that I am afraid it won't last." But being only a rabbit, this thought never crossed his small brain. It was now growing dark, however; so after nibbling another meal he went leisurely home to his burrow—the burrow which he was never to see again.

SCENE 2.—He was a spruce and sprightly fox, but so lean you could easily tell that he hadn't had his dinner yet. Now, you don't need to be reminded that of all animals Mr. Reynard is the cleverest. That has been his reputation for hundreds of years, and it will be his reputation for hundreds of years to come. So do not imagine that want of a meal is ever a cause of trouble to this smart fellow. If the worst comes to the worst, he will run a bit of risk and pay the farmer a yard a visit, and take a hen or a goose to his den. Well, then, our fox was perfectly aware he had not dined, though he had begun to feel the pangs of hunger. And now, looking around him in his sleek, sly way, he spied our rabbit skipping homeward, and singing away quite gaily, if ever rabbit sang. "Oh! good evening to you," says the fox to himself, in a sort of gleeful undertone; "I think I shall have a bone to pick with you," and with that he very quietly hides himself in a hollow near the rabbit's burrow.

SCENE 3.—A leap and a squeak, and in less time than it takes to tell it, a fox is seen carrying off to his lair our poor rabbit, whose day of happiness and pleasure was thus cruelly ended.

S. W.

THE SOUND OF LIGHT.—One of the most interesting recent discoveries in science is the fact that a ray of light produces sound. A sunbeam is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disc, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently, a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contained red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.

THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.—Perhaps there is no one point in which Christianity has a more direct influence upon the state of the community than in respect to the character and standing of the female. To a Hindu the birth of a daughter is an occasion of sorrow. At the early age of twelve or thirteen years she is required to leave the parental roof, and to become the wife of a man whom she has had no voice in choosing as her companion. Her duties to him are thus prescribed in the Shastors: "When in the presence of her husband a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing beside. When he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstacy. She must never eat until her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must also fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes."

"DOCTORS DIFFER."—As an illustration of the old saying, that "doctors differ," the following is related by a physician of unquestioned veracity. In the course of a lecture which he was delivering before a number of students, he caused to be brought in by the mother a child six months old, who, he stated was suffering from a very peculiar affection, one seldom seen in this country. He requested five of the students present, each separately, to diagnose the case. The first gave it as his medical belief that the child was suffering from incipient pneumonia; the second, after examination, pronounced it incipient diphtheria; the third staked his reputation upon its being peritonitis; the fourth called it marasmus; while the fifth said it was "malaria." When they had each made a careful examination, the lecturer said—

"Well, gentlemen, have you anything further to say in regard to the case?"

"Nothing more than has been already said," was the reply from each.

"Well," said he, taking the little one and holding it up before them, "this is a child that has never had a day's sickness since its birth. It is the most perfectly healthy child that I have ever seen."

"CALL the next witness," said the Judge of a court in Iowa. As he spoke a man took his place on the witness-stand. "Hold up your right hand." "But I——" "Hold up your right hand, I tell you!" The oath was administered. "Now," said his honor, "tell what you know about this case." "Well, all I got ter say is dat General Pulgers he hat got in me, an' he send me ober ter 'vite yer for dinner, an' say for ye ter be sure ter come, fer dem spar-ribs am gittin' cold!"

A CURIOUS cause of death is reported from Burlington, N. J. The deceased was a cook on a dredging machine. In opening a can of tomatoes his hands were cut by the tin. Blood poisoning and death followed.

DAYS OF OLD.

BY I. E. BIERKENGA.

Oh, boys, who went to school with me,
Where are you now? Where can you be?
Since parting at the school-house door
You wandered to return no more.

A halo of resplendent light
Surrounds those days, so pure and bright:
And oft my fancy dwells upon
The days of old, forever gone.

How often have I longed to view
The faces of the friends I knew;
And deeply yearned, though all in vain,
To hear their voices once again.

The master's step—it makes me think
How oft some roguish lad would shrink,
As in his guilty sport engrossed
He started not till all was lost.

That old schoolmaster—let me see,
A solemn-visaged man was he:
Commanding, stern, yet roughly kind
To those who studied and would mind.

But woe betide the luckless chap
Who dared to shirk or take a nap!
Before the master's wrath and scorn
He shrank affrighted and forlorn.

I loved the merry school-boy chaff:
The trick, the joke, the hearty laugh,
The games, the toys, the joyous shout,
The rush and roar when school was out.

I loved the old school songs we heard:
How sweet they sound long afterward!
My blood flows faster through my veins
Whene'er I hear those simple strains.

Now song and jest and shout and fun
Are hushed; our school-day tasks are done;
Yet silvery memory has cast
Its lovelight over all the past.

And though you vanish from my view,
Dear early friends, so warm and true,
No time can dim, no age dispel,
My love for you. Farewell! farewell!

AMONG THE PLANTS.

Within comparatively few years students in science have learned to regard plant-life and the arrangements of plant-structures very differently from the teachings of a former age.

Most of us regard the world of plant-life as a huge collection of things which hover even on the verge of existence, and at best only vegetate, in place of living the free and active existence of the animal kingdom.

This view of matters, however, would appear to represent opinions which are in a state of rapid dissolution, if recent science as well as research of tolerably advanced age are to be trusted. Persons learned in things botanical tell us that plants are by no means the stereotyped units they have been regarded by popular belief. We hear of plants that feel, and of others which shrink on the slightest touch, and only expand their sensitive leaves after an interval has elapsed, and after the irritability of the living tissue has been appeased and mollified.

We read of others which lay wary traps for insects, and which, imitating the role of the spider, capture, by aid of cunning contrivance, the unsuspicious fly. The Venus' fly-trap thus spreads open its leaf as an inviting surface for insect visitation, and closes it frond upon the winged visitor which has touched the sensitive hairs that rise from the plant's foliage. Nor is this the whole story of plant sensitiveness. The Venus' fly-trap does not capture insects for amusement, but for use, and as part of the business of its proletariat. It eats, and, what is more, digests, the fly it captures, and this by a process, which botanists tell us, closely resembles digestion in ourselves. In like manner the sundew of our bogs and marshes catches flies and eats them; the animal falling a victim to the snares and wiles of the plant.

Then come the pitcher-plants with leaves marvelously modified as to form hollow appendages which give to the plants their popular name. Within these "pitchers" flies and other insects in a state of decay are to be found. The pitcher itself is a kind of insect trap. Down into its slimy depths slips the fly which alights on its smooth and treacherous margin. With wings bedraggled and wet the insect creeps up from out its prison house to the light of day, only to find that an array of spines pointing downward like a chevaux-de-frise, or a charge of fixed bayonets, impedes its course to the outer air. And so the fated insect falls back into the plant pitcher, is speedily suffocated amid the fluid that receptacle contains, and adds its body to the decomposing material which previous victims have gone to provide. From this decaying solution, this literal insect soup, the pitcher-plant appears to draw much of its nutrition.

In respect, however, of the defences which they present against foes and enemies of various kinds, many plants exhibit devices of no less ingenious nature than those by means of which they capture their food.

In either respect we see how the vegetable world becomes lifted out of the rut of a dull, half-and-half vitality into the region of active life and labor. When plants grow old, as has been pointed out, they tend to protect themselves by reason of the density and hardness of the parts they develop.

Contrariwise, the young parts of plants, illustrating structures of more tender nature, are often found to be specially defended by prickles, thorns, and the like contrivances. What, for example, are we to say to the defences of the appropriately named "wait-a-bit" thorn of Ethiopia, which grows spines of immense length, utterly impenetrable by man or beast.

The lion himself does not venture to tackle this formidable plant. Each spine, as a bayonet, and as thick and effective, wounds and lacerates any living body which comes in contact with it. Nor does this curious plant stand alone in its special mode of defence. Griesbach, a noted botanical authority, tells us that all desert regions are distinguished by the high development of thorns defences in their plants. Nature in such a case seems to run to spines and prickles, as if imitating, in the merciless character of her plant life the barren features of the surrounding land.

There is, however, one noticeable point in connection with the growth of spiny defences in plants. The thorns, as a rule, do not grow above the level commonly reached by animals which might crop the leaves for food. Plant development is conducted evidently on lines of strict economy, "waste not, want not" is a maxim which finds a frequent reflex in the ways of vitality.

He who looks for gratitude in return for every favor spoils the fine flavor of his kindly deeds. He is not willing to give them unreservedly; he seeks repayment, though in a subtler and more refined form than the one who expects material favors in return. True generosity is self forgetful; in the words of Antoninus, "It is like a vine which is satisfied by being fruitful in its kind, and bears a bunch of grapes without expecting any thanks for it. Thus a man that is rightly kind never proclaims a good turn, but does another as soon as he can—just like a vine that bears again the next season."

Grains of Gold.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

Experience wounded is the school where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart.

There is no happiness in this life without duty. A sense of duty always pursues us; it is omnipresent, like the Deity.

I say, the only dread and reverence of God, that seeth all things, is the defense of the creeping in of all mischiefs into you.

There is nothing that weighs more heavily, upon a right-minded man than the slow progress he makes in overcoming his faults.

Whoever is a hypocrite in his religion mocks God, presenting to Him the outside, and reserving the inside for His enemy.

We are either raised or lowered by our associations. Manners, temper, intellect and morals are all directly influenced by our surroundings.

Remember the wheel is always in motion, and the spoke which is uppermost will soon be under; therefore mix trembling with all your joy.

A man hath riches. Whence came they, and whither go they? for this is the way to form a judgment of the esteem which they and their possessor deserve.

Our resolutions seem to be vigorous as often as we reflect upon our past errors; but, alas! they are apt to flag again upon fresh temptations to the same things.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

It is much easier to act firmly and bravely under a strong impulse than it is to restrain an impulse when called upon to do so. Of all the battles of life there is not one that requires so much real courage as that silent battle with self which every dutiful person finds it frequently necessary to wage

Femininities.

White silk or woolen dresses should be wrapped in blue paper.

Caresses lie as much in the voice and in the looks as in the actions.

The wedding veil of a recent Boston bride is said to have cost $2,000.

The veil worn by a Roman bride on her wedding day was of a yellow color like a flame.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

Young ladies now furnish a brush broom to dust the coats of their lovers where they have laid their pretty powdered faces.

Sadie Moyer, of Lansford, Pa., is 10 years old, weighs 105 pounds, and is taking on fat at the rate of two pounds a week.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our auditors.

Mrs. Langtry has had her hair cut in boy fashion. The experiment, in the opinion of connoisseurs, has not proved a success.

Two persons, a man and a woman, who have not been seen out of doors for fifteen years, were recently discovered at Marquette, Mich.

The poetess who can make "roast beef" rhyme with "vegetables" is the kind of a poetess whom the world is waiting to crown as queen.

Pictures give a more artistic effect to a room if hung flat against a wall, but should be put "on the line," that is, low enough to be seen easily.

Tin vessels rust and are often worthless in a few weeks because, after washing, they are not set on the stove for a moment, or in the sun, to dry thoroughly before they are put away.

It is a good plan to let your older sons and daughters take turns in carving. It is a valuable accomplishment to carve most neatly, skillfully and rapidly, and is more easily learned when one is young.

The good wife:—Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially is she careful to conceal his infirmities.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle half full of soap-suds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterwards rinsing in clear cold water and wiping dry.

A standing antidote for poison by yew, poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

To the true girl in all her relations—as daughter, sister, friend—in all her actions, in all her words, faithfulness will be the first consideration. Faith is the root of all good works, and it is a fruitful parent of all other graces. Her word must be her bond through life.

"I want your mother to let my affairs alone," said Brown to his wife; "I won't have any more of her dictation." "You're always finding fault with mother," retorted Mrs. B.; "I'll have you understand my mother is an angel." "I wish she were," groaned Brown.

Although they have been brought to a high degree of perfection, it will be many years before the telephone and phonograph will succeed the red-haired woman with a sun bonnet, who lives in the centre of the village and inquires daily over the back-yard fence what the news is.

A New Lisbon, Ohio, girl, while disrobing recently, was pulling off a stocking with considerable exertion, as her foot was damp. It came off unexpectedly, and her hand was released with such sudden force that it struck her under the chin and caused her to bite her tongue nearly in two.

A lady of mature years, in accordance with her invariable custom on retiring for the night, looked under the bed, and discovered a real live burglar. Nothing discouraged, however, she seized hold of the scarcest leg and cried, "Come out, you rascal, come out! I've been looking for you the last forty years!"

A claim for a divorce is made by a husband on account of his wife having a wooden leg, of which fact he knew nothing prior to his marriage. The legal reply of the other side is that the lady hinted at it as plainly as she could with delicacy. Perhaps it would have been better had she kicked him downstairs.

In kitchen-French, "remoulade" means a salad dressing, differing from mayonnaise in that the eggs are hard boiled and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc.; "rissole" a rich mince of meat or fish rolled in thin pastry and fried; "roux," a cooked mixture of butter and flour, for thickening soups and stews.

She was easily intrenched upon his shoulder, and they were very, very happy. "George," she whispered, and he bent his head to listen, "do you know what I would do if your love for me should cool?" "Would you die, dear?" he asked passionately. "No, George; I would bring suit for breach of promise."

"My dear," said a fond father to his fashionable daughter, who is soon to be married, "if George should at some future time meet with reverses and the fortune should be swept away, which occasionally occurs to silver mine speculators, could you meet the emergency? Could you, for instance, go into the kitchen and make a loaf of bread?" "What a foolish papa," replied the dear girl; "I would send to the baker's for it."

A woman employed as a weaver in a mill at Lowell deposited $40 in the Lowell Institute for savings in 1832. At various times between that year and 1852 she added to the deposit until it amounted to $155. In 1875 the principal, with dividends earned, amounted to $1406. She has since drawn out $700, and the whole amount to her credit in 1884 was $1027. She has since allowed $1,000 to remain on interest, and her income is $40 a year. She is now about 80 years old.

Masculinities.

Madrid society has been warmly discussing the question, "Can a bull fighter be a gentleman?"

Prince Alexander, Queen Victoria's young cousin, is buruing to become a professional comic singer.

There is room for everybody in this big world. Friction comes from the fact that too many want the front room.

To wash doubtful calicoes, put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pailful of water and soak fifteen minutes before washing.

A man who died near Snow Hill, Maryland, recently, aged 70 years, is said by a local paper to have never had any teeth, except two that he was born with.

Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Round-shouldered people should have their clothes made too narrow across the back, and very full across the chest, and then hold their shoulders so they will fit.

A Kansas City critic writes: "As Shakespeare was not at his best when he wrote 'Richelieu,' so Booth is not at his best when he acts the leading part in this drama."

An employer of labor concludes his advertisement for assistants with the significant hint: "None need apply who are in the habit of being poorly on Monday mornings."

Till a man can judge whether they be truths or no, his understanding is but little improved; and thus men of much reading are greatly learned, but may be little knowing.

It is a good plan to wrap cans of fruit in newspapers and put them away in a dark, cool place. The wrapping in paper and keeping dark is said to prevent bleaching of the fruit.

A police officer in Jersey City, the champion runner of the force, has a dog that has more than once assisted in capturing a fugitive by running between the latter's legs and tripping him.

Some scientist has observed that a man's food is largely responsible for his temperament, and Wigwag says he is quite right—that he always feels "cut up" himself when the landlady serves hash at table.

There is in some tempers such a natural barrenness, that, like the sands of Arabia, they are never to be cultivated and improved. And some will never learn anything because they understand everything too soon.

The Greek commanders at the siege of Troy, who were all likewise royal sovereigns, never presumed to eat before their guests any food but that cooked by their own hands. Achilles was famous for broiling beefsteaks.

Mr. Anderson Critchett, the celebrated London surgeon, was recently offered a fee of $25,000—probably the largest medical honorarium on record—to go to India to treat one of the native princes. He declined the offer.

The Duke of Rutland will not allow gas anywhere in Belvoir Castle, his ancestral seat. Lamps are used all over the immense building, and a servant occupies his whole time in filling the bowls and trimming the wicks.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

It rather disgusted a Jersey man, who went to a neighbor's barn to steal a cow, to find when he got the animal home that it was his own, which his neighbor had stolen earlier in the night. He says that his neighbor is a confounded thief.

A medical journal says: "The application of a bit of ice to the lobe of the ear will stop hiccoughing." All a man who is accustomed to hiccoughing has to do, then, is to carry a bit of ice about in his vest pocket and he can cure himself instantly.

Encouraged by the success of appeals made to the New York Board of Health for the abatement of a young man who was learning to play the cornet (or thought he was), a "sufferer" has appealed to the Board for the suppression of a mocking bird near his residence.

"I have a friend," said a Syracusan, "who paints grapes so naturally that birds leave the real article to peck at his pictures." "Oh, that's nothing," replied a Utican. "I have a cousin who reproduces dogs so well that he has to muzzle them to prevent their barking."

Put the white of an egg into a plate, and beat it with a piece of alum until it looks gelatinous and is stiff. Spread it on flat and lay it on a sprain, changing it as it becomes dry. Tender feet after long walking, or stiffness of the joints, may be eased by the same application.

The most prudent man on record was he who, when retiring at an hotel and finding only four matches in the matchbox, for fear that they might be wet and so prove useless in case of emergency during the night, carefully tested them one by one, blew them out in turn, and tranquilly lay down to rest.

A Paris cabman who committed suicide the other day left the following explanatory note: "I leave this world because it pleases me to do so. I have had enough of driving other people about in this world. I am going to see if in the other world people drive differently. All I ask is that no fuss may be made about me."

Some years ago they had several forms of punishment in Sing Sing, among them being the paddle, the iron cage, the cold water bath, and hanging up a man by his thumbs. The only instrument of discipline for convicts now in the well-known prison on the Hudson consists of a sibling block with a hook in the centre of it. The refractory prisoner is handcuffed, and the cuffs are caught in this hook. The block is then raised until the prisoner's feet leave the floor. He is suspended only a few seconds. The pain is in the wrists and hands.

Recent Book Issues.

"Katia" is by Count Leon Tolstoi, the famous Russian author, translated from that language through the French. It is a very artistic, yet simple, character study, with but little plot, and in which some of the lights and shades of life and love in the Czar's empire are combined to make a more than pleasing literary picture. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Renee," by Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is one of the most striking of all Emile Zola's great naturalistic romances. It is a study of the life led by a certain class of speculators and pleasure-seekers, who made the gay capital of France their home and field of operations during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III. Its world is the world of fashion and fashionable dissipation. Price, 75 cents.

"Ticknor's Paper Series." The second number is the famous and widely approved novel, "Guenn; a Wave on the Breton Coast," the great work of Blanche Willis Howard, whose first book, "One Summer," won for her such a large and appreciative audience. "Guenn" is a tale of love and art, the scene being laid in Brittany, and the picturesque shores, and no less picturesque people of this land of romance are vividly and graphically described. The thousands of Miss Howard's admirers will find here much of her choicest and most entertaining work. The present is the seventh edition of this noble story. The book is illustrated throughout with some forty vignettes, initials, etc., drawn expressly for it by a brilliant and skilful American artist, and illustrative of French coast life. Ticknor & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June *Wide-Awake* with its tempting frontispiece, "The First Day at the Beach," opens with a stirring story, "The Chase of the Meteor." To keep company with the frontispiece, is a delightful pictorial vacation paper by Amanda B. Harris, "Down in Sandwich Town." But the great feature of the number is the opening of the new serial "The Story of Keedon Bluffs," by Charles Egbert Craddock; Miss Mollie M. Davis, in her story "A New Dog," gives a graphic picture of a great overflow in war times. There are besides other excellent stories, poems, miscellaneous, etc. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

The graceful frontispiece in the June *St. Nicholas*, "A Day Dream," and Frank Dempster Sherman's poem, "June," remind us that Summer is at hand. Frank R. Stockton has a very entertaining and instructive paper on "King London," and Mrs. Poultney Bigelow tells a "Story of a Lost Dog." George J. Manson's article on "A Banker and Broker" will prove interesting to those getting "Ready for Business." West Point cadets, and their life in camp, are capitally described in "Winning a Commission," by Lieut. Geo. I. Putnam, while Gen. Adam Badeau gives a graphic account of "Sheridan in the Valley." The story of "The Child Princess, Charlotte," is cleverly told by Ellen M. Hutchinson. "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house," grow better as they grow older; the "Brownies" have an adventure with a bee-hive, and there is a great deal more. The Century Co., New York.

The exciting feature of *Cassell's Family Magazine* for June is the conclusion of that very interesting serial, "A Step in the Dark." "Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance," fills the place of the just concluded serial most acceptably. "The Family Doctor" this month discusses "That Horrible Nightmare," which he largely attributes to overloaded stomachs. There is an interesting paper on "Higher Education for the Blind," which shows how this lost sense is almost restored by modern science and patient work. Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming has a paper on "The Social Condition of Divers Animals," which is amusing as well as instructing. The papers on "Famous Flags on Field and Flood," are continued, the "Stars and Stripes" of the United States, and the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy being those under discussion. The fashion letters from Paris and London are full of the important objects which they chronicle. The very latest hints are always found here. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for June opens with "The Whistling Buoy," a novel, by Charles Barnard, author of "The Tone Masters," "The Soprano," and other popular books. The present novel is a breezy tale of sea and shore, full of stirring incident and adventure. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston furnishes "Some Records of Philip Bourke Marston." The Wistar parties of Philadelphia, which were once as famous abroad as at home, and which have recently been revived, form the subject of a chatty and entertaining sketch by Miss Anne H. Wharton. "The Exchanged Crusader," by William Ashcourt, is an ingenious and brilliant trifle. J. William White, M. D., Professor of Athletics in the University of Pennsylvania, contributes a timely and sensible article, "A Physician's View of Exercise and Athletics." "Social Life at Cornell" is the third in the series of essays on social life at our leading colleges. The poetry is by Sarah M. B. Piatt, Mary B. Dodge and Frederick Peterson. In "Our Monthly Gossip," Miss Louise Stockton has a bright and humorous paper, entitled "The Germ Theory of Ideas." J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is generally understood that the form of trial by jury is derived from the institutions of the Greeks and Romans.

In the ancient city of Athens a number of freemen of the city were appointed, usually several thousands, from whom were selected by lot a certain number for every case to be tried at law, to hear and determine the questions that might arise in the case, under the direction of a presiding magistrate.

In Rome a similar system was adopted. There the complainant in the case came before the prætor and stated his grievance; the defendant made reply, and the prætor then referred the case to the judices to determine the facts. No specific number of these judices was required.

The Romans always introduced their laws and institutions into their provinces, and there is evidence that their mode of judicial procedure was established among the Britons.

The Saxons had another form, called the trial by compurgation. In this each party to a suit appeared with certain of his friends, who swore with him to the justice of his case.

Usually the number of compurgators was six on each side, and it is supposed that the number of the jury was thus fixed at twelve.

But the Normans had a form of trial by jury, so much more like that of modern times than any legal usage of the Saxons, that historians ascribe the origin of the institution as found in England to the establishment of Norman law there by William the Conqueror.

That the Saxon trial by compurgation was in a measure grafted upon the Norman usage is shown by the fact that jurors were originally chosen from those who had personal knowledge of a case, and they rendered their verdict according to their personal knowledge.

Witnesses were first brought in to aid the jury during the reign of Edward III. But not until the reign of Queen Anne was it distinctly provided by law that those who had evidence to give must be sworn as witnesses, and could not serve as jurors.

From England the form of trial was carried to America by the colonists. It was in general use during the colonial period, and is protected by mention in the Federal constitution and in the constitutions of most States.

In Scotland the jury seems to have been established at a very early date, but it was soon after discontinued in civil cases. The Scotch jury has always consisted of fifteen, a majority of whom may render a verdict. The jury in civil cases was reintroduced into the country in the time of George III. Nine of the twelve jurors may there render a verdict, and if the majority cannot agree upon a verdict within six hours it is discharged. In Ireland the jury is substantially the same as in England.

In France trial by jury in all criminal cases was established in 1790; but now a jury is not granted except in cases of felony. A majority of the jurors can render a verdict. There is no grand jury, and civil cases are not tried before a jury at all.

In Germany trial by jury in criminal cases was introduced early in the century. It was established in Prussia in 1819, and again by the constitution of 1848, but political offences were withdrawn from its operation in 1851. The system was also adopted by Bavaria and Hesse in 1848, by Wurtemberg and Baden in 1849, and by Austria in 1850.

In Belgium the jury has existed since the country separated from Holland, and includes within its operations political offences and those of the press.

In Switzerland all crimes against the confederation are tried by jury, and for other crimes each canton has its own machinery, the jury being in use for criminal cases in some of them.

The jury system has been, of course, established in all the colonies of Great Britain. It is also in use in the South American republics.

It was introduced into Greece in 1834, and was established in Portugal in 1837. It has also been introduced in recent times into Italy, into Brazil, and finally into Russia, where the first trial by jury was held on August 8th, 1866.

In each of these last-named countries a verdict can be rendered by the majority. In countries where the trial by jury does not exist, the judge both decides the case and awards the punishment.

THE latest method of identifying prisoners, which has been introduced into France and which is now successfully practised not only in the chief French prisons, but in Russia and Japan as well, is the exact measurement of the prisoner on his arrival at the gaol. His waist, the length and width of the head, the left middle fingers, the left foot, the out-stretched arms, the three other fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the wrist, and the length and width of the ear are measured, and the color of the eyes and any peculiarities are noted down. A photograph is also immediately taken, and by these means the many mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided. The fact that during the two years since this system has been in operation, eight hundred and twenty-six habitual criminals who presented themselves under an assumed name have been identified in France, shows this method is superior to any other.

SOBRIETY and tranquility tend to self-command and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship.

THE WHEEL SACRIFICE.

ONE festival of India derives its name of "Charak Pujah" from "chakra," a discus or wheel, in allusion to the "circle" performed in the rite of "swinging," which constitutes so very prominent a part of the anniversary observances.

An upright pole, twenty or thirty feet in height, is planted in the ground. Across the top of it, moving freely on a pin or pivot, is placed horizontally another long pole.

From one end of this transverse beam is a rope suspended, with two hooks affixed to it. To the other extremity is fastened another rope, which hangs loosely towards the ground.

The devotee comes forward and prostrates himself in the dust. The hooks are then run through the fleshy part of his back, near the shoulders. A party holding the rope at the other side immediately begin to run around with considerable velocity. By this means the wretched dupe of superstition is hoisted aloft into the air, and violently whirled round and round.

The torture he may continue to endure for a longer or shorter period, according to his own free will; only, this being reckoned one of the holiest of acts, the longer he can endure the torture the greater the pleasure conveyed to the deity whom he serves; the greater the portion of merit accruing to himself; and, consequently, the brighter the prospect of future reward.

The time usually occupied averages from ten minutes to half an hour; and as soon as one has ended another candidate is ready—aspiring to earn the like merit and distinction. And thus, on one tree, from five to ten or fifteen may be swung in the course of a day.

Of these swinging-posts there are hundreds and thousands simultaneously in operation in the province of Bengal. They are always erected in the most conspicuous parts of the towns and villages, and are surrounded by vast crowds of noisy spectators.

On the very streets of the native city of Calcutta, many of these swings are annually to be seen, and scores around the suburbs.

It not unfrequently happens that from the extreme rapidity of the motion, the ligaments of the back give way, in which case the poor devotee is tossed to a distance and dashed to pieces.

A loud wail of commiseration, you now suppose, will be raised in behalf of the unhappy man who has thus fallen a martyr to his religious enthusiasm?

No such thing! Idolatry is as cruel as the grave. Instead of sympathy or compassion, a feeling of detestation and abhorrence is excited towards him. By the principles of their faith, he is adjudged to have been a desperate criminal "in a former state of being;" and he has now met with this violent death, in the present birth, as a righteous retribution, on account of egregious sins committed in a former!

The evening of the same day is devoted to another practice almost equally cruel. It consists in the devotees' throwing themselves down, from a high wall, the second story of a house, or a temporary scaffolding often twenty or thirty feet in height, upon iron spikes or knives that are quickly stuck in a large mattress or bag of straw.

But these sharp instruments being fixed rather loosely, and in a position sloping forward the greater part of the thousands that fall upon them dexterously contrive to escape without serious damage. Many, however, are often cruelly mangled and lacerated; and in the case of some, the issue proves speedily fatal.

At night numbers of the devotees sit down in the open air, and pierce the skin of their foreheads; and in it, as a socket, place a small rod of iron, to which is suspended a lamp that is kept burning till the dawn of day, while the lamp-bearers rehearse the praises of their favorite deity.

Again, before the temple, bundles of thorns and other fire-wood are accumulated, among which the devotees roll themselves uncovered. The materials are next raised into a pile, and set on fire. Then the devotees briskly dance over the blazing embers, and fling them into the air with their naked hands, or toss them at one another.

Some have their breasts, arms, and other parts, stuck entirely full of pins, about the "thickness of small nails, or packing-needles." Others betake themselves to a vertical wheel, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably above the ground. They bind themselves to the outer rim, in a sitting posture, so that, when the wheel rolls round, their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir.

A MESSENGER boy who came up the Avenue the other day found a young man waiting for him on the corner, and when the boy halted he was anxiously asked: "Well, did you deliver the flowers?" "Of course." "Did she smile?" "Not a bit." "She didn't? She must have seen the card." "Oh, yes; she read that the first thing, and then she called the cook into the hall and told her to heave the basket into the back yard." "Great Scott! But could that have been my Sarah?" "Oh, no, sir; it was your Sarah's mother."

Without animals our farms will go to waste. Do not get filled with the idea that commercial fertilizers will do everything. Rely on animals to enrich the farm, coupled with economical and wise management. This means to feed them well and to save all the manure. Make them partners in the farming, not appendages.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations.**
Toothache,	**Congestion.**

DIFFICULT BREATHING

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the malarial poison will, every morning take from 20 to 30 drops of Ready Relief in water and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

—THE—

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, &c., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Disease, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaint.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Urinary Diseases, its marvelous power in dissolving stone and calculous concretions, curing gravel, gleet and discharges from the genital glands; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing Diabetes, Inflammation or Irritation of the Bladder, Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, White Sand, etc., establishes its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Purgation made perfect by Dr. Radway's Pills. Uniformity and Safety of Action Secured. Perfect Digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about 10 o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. ☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

A WONDERFUL AGE.

This world is full of curious things,
As you from this will see;
When I was only twenty-four
Miss Jones was thirty-three.

Time hurries on; the years have fled;
I'm thirty-three and more;
And here's the curious thing—Miss Jones
Is only twenty-four.

—U. N. None.

A colored swell—A black eye.

A game leg—Hind quarter of venison.

Half a day's loaf is better than no holiday.

Suspended animation—A girl in a hammock.

Men who pertinaciously pry into things—Burglars.

Died from exposure—The defaulter who committed suicide.

Woman may be a puzzle, but man is not willing to give her up.

A certain jury sent in a written verdict of "Blode to peces bi the billar bustin."

No matter how much a man hates a creditor, he invariably asks him to call again.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything very funny about a locksmith.

A mustard plaster is not a very poetic subject, but, ah, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings!

Something peculiar about a match. No matter how you drop it, it always lights on its head—if it lights at all.

"There goes the champion light weight." "That so? He don't look like a fighter." "He isn't: he's a coal dealer."

When a man makes complaint that the times are too hard to make a living, isn't it very much like a liver complaint?

An orator is simply the mouthpiece of an idea. The roosters make the most noise and do all the crowing, but they lay no eggs.

Mrs. Jones: "Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith: "No trouble. Quite a pleasure, I assure you!"

You can never get women to vote intelligently. They are too much afraid of doing something that some other woman is going to do.

It may be foreign to the question, but we cannot help wondering how a shad troubled with rheumatism can ever tell which bone to rub.

What is the difference between the first love and the last?—It is that one always believes one's first love is the last, and one's last the first.

The boy who quails at the sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad who goes fearlessly forth to tackle a wasp's nest with nothing but a handful of willow switches.

An Indiana editor informs his enemies that he is "whetting his club" for them. Good! We hope he will also grind his gun to a point and load his sword to the muzzle.

"Money is round and made to roll," said a spendthrift to a miser. "That's your way of looking at it," replied the latter. "I say that money is flat and made to pile up."

"Do send for the doctor, mother!" cried a tow-headed urchin; "there's a man in the parlor who says he'll die if Aunt Jane don't marry him, and she says she won't."

An artist has made the discovery that photographs can be taken at night by ordinary candle light. Somebody got into his shop a few nights ago and took all the photographs he had.

"He's a beautiful dog, Miss Smith; but what is the matter with his——" "Sh-sh! he got run over by a dray, but we never speak of it, don't you know—the poor fellow is so sensitive!"

"I'm afraid that it's not genuine," said a lady to a shopman. "Oh, yes, it is, madam," replied that polite gentleman; "all our camel's hair shawls are made of pure silk direct from the worm."

"Surely, Tommy, you haven't drunk baby's milk?" "Well, mamma, I asked her three times whether she minded my drinking it, and as she didn't answer, I——" Baby is just four months old.

"There are two things in this world," says a correspondent, "that I can't understand. One is, that you catch a cold without trying; the other, that if you let it run on it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away."

Gentleman: "But I am afraid he would not make a good watch dog." Man with pups: "Not a good watch dog! Why, Lor' bless your 'art, it was only last week that this 'ere very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail."

Wife to husband: "Mother wants to come and pay us a visit, John; but I have written to her to say that just at present, while baby is teething, it wouldn't be convenient. If I give you the letter, will you remember to post it, my dear?" Husband, with an air of perfect confidence: "Well, I should rather say I would!"

"Mother," said a young lady recently, "how came you to marry such a very plain unpretentious man as father?" "If I had known that his daughter would ever have asked such a question, I presume I should have hesitated." "Then you are not satisfied?" "Not entirely; I almost wish sometimes that our daughters had been all sons."

In a 300-year-old collection of jokes appears the very heavy riddle: "Which is heaviest, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?" which every one knows, but with an addition, which is an improvement. After the answer, "Each weighs a pound and they are equal in weight," the questioner says further: "Not so—try in water. The pound of feathers will float, and the pound of lead will sink."

FOOT-BINDING.

In proportion to the incalculable multitude of girls whose feet are distorted in compliance with the extraordinary requirements of Chinese custom, it is only wonderful that cases of diseased ankle bones and mortification of the foot are not very much more common.

As it is, though the process of bandaging involves years of torture (commencing at the age of six or nine years, till which time the feet are the natural size, and generally very neat and small), the victims rarely find their way to the hospitals directly on this account; though they are subject to frequent accidents from tumbles as they totter along on their poor big toes, which, with the tip of the heel-bone, is all that is admitted into the shoe, the other toes being folded under the instep.

There is a regular class of 'footbinders'—women whose profession it is to produce this horrible distortion with the aid of long bandages of cotton cloth; and in the hands of an unskilful binder the process of torture is indefinitely prolonged. In any case there is generally great swelling of the foot and leg, and also torturing corns and other forms of disease.

Yet such is the force of distorted public opinion and the rule of fashion that sometimes when in Christian schools the teacher (filled with compassion for a girl who cannot work by reason of the pain she is enduring) ventures to remove the bandages, then the tears flow still faster, for to remove these destroys her prospects in life—her value in the marriage-market, where she would be despised as a large-footed plebeian.

The lily foot is thus the 'hall-mark,' and, moreover, is a standard of artificial beauty as decided (though by no means so injurious) as tight-lacing in some cases nearer home.

Though the custom is known to have been in force for fully a thousand years, no one knows which of the legends referring to its origin is authentic.

One thing only is certain—namely, that even Chinese men cannot really put a stop to it.

The only possible reform must be made by inducing Chinese mothers to spare their own young daughters from this torture, and to choose large-footed daughters-in-law.

Odd Signboards. — The Author of "Meeting the Sun," writes: "I saw in Pekin a list of signboards, and a few samples of them will illustrate their general character. "Shop of Heaven-sent Luck," "The Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues all Complete." In these signs we can see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Contrast such efforts with, "The Noted Pot-pie House" of our streets, and one must feel that we are outer barbarians. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, "No Cheating Here," but I could not find anything like it in the list. "Good and Just according to Heaven" ought to satisfy one's ideal notions. "The Honest Pen Shop of Li" implies that other pen-shops are not honest. The "Steel Shop of the Pock-marked Wang" suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs, or hump backs might all be used in this way. A charcoal-shop calls itself the "Fountain of Beauty," and a place for sale of coal indulges in the title of "Heavenly Embroidery." An oil and wine establishment is the "Neighborhood of Chief Beauty," a description the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Pekin. "The Thrice Righteous" is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium-shop."

Charles III., is sovereign prince of Monaco, near Italy. This monarch rules a territory which one may easily walk round in about a couple of hours, yet he seems to have as many titles as all the other European kings and emperors put together. He is Duke of Valentinois, Marquis of Baux, Count of Carladez, Baron of Buis, Lord of Saint-Remy, Lord of Matignon, Count of Thorigny, Baron of Saint-Lo, Baron of La Lothumiere, Duke of Estouteville, Duke of Mazarin, Duke of La Meilleraye, Duke of Mayenne, Prince of Chateau-Forcien, Count of Ferrette, Count of Belfort, Count of Thanu, Count of Rosemont, Baron of Altkirch, Lord of Isenheim, Marquis of Chilly, Count of Longjumeau, Baron of Massy, Marquis of Guiscard, First-class Grandee of Spain, Grand Cross of the Order of Malta, and Prince-Sovereign of the Order of Saint Charles. This many-titled potentate commands an army composed of five officers, seven noncommissioned officers and seventy privates.

A young lady dreamed the other evening that she was out riding, and that the horse was running away. She jumped and fell from the bed to the floor, bruising her shoulder. Might this, so to speak, be called a case of being thrown from a nightmare?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Is a Positive Cure
For Female Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the Female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.

No family should be without *LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS*. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is the most admired of all creation. You can be beautiful, by using De Vere's Complexion Pellets. Makes the skin Soft, Smooth and White; removes Pimples, Blotches, etc. $1 box. De Vere Specialty Co., Phila., Pa. Box 1981.

IMPROVED HIRES ROOT BEER
25 CENTS PACKAGE
Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the Blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales, Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 841 B'way, N. Y.

WANTED.—Men, Women, Boys and Girls to earn $70 per month at their own homes. A nice, light, easy and profitable business. Costly outfit and samples, a package of goods and full instructions sent for 10c. Address, H. C. ROWELL & CO., RUTLAND, VT.

PENSIONS, Officers' pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D.C.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

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Premier Artist
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WOOD'S LADIES
GOLD MEDAL
BLACKING
A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.
Gold Medal received for superiority over all other dressings. Will not crack or harden the leather. Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. 25c. Your Shoe Dealer has it.

Agents make $5 a day with Plush Cabinet in U. S. Particulars free. FOSHEE & MARIS, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No taste, chloroform. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Agents Wanted for Dr. Lyman Abbott's Life of Beecher. Only proper one. A. Gorton & Co., Phila.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

LAIRD'S

Depot 29 Barclay St., N. Y.

WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

Laird's White Lilac Toilet Soap is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear soft* and *smooth*.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENT. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereas seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 7's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The new woollen materials have several novel characteristics which distinguish them altogether from those of the past. Of the many pretty varieties of openwork fabrics of last year scarcely a trace is left; the patterns on figured woollens now either take the shape of huge plaids and chequers, or of raised figures in wide and narrow stripes, or of spots, or tiny pompadour bouquets in thick close pile, or in uncut loops.

Very beautiful and novel effects are produced in this way, but the materials are, on account of the large size of the stripes and chequers, difficult to wear, albeit extremely stylish when well worn.

In many cases the materials for woollen dresses are in three kinds—a plain fabric for the foundation, a large plaid for the draped overskirt (a style that is gradually superceding the draped tunic), and a small chequer to correspond, for the ornamental parts of the corsage.

These fabrics are made in very fine and soft qualities, and are charming in the new bright beige colors with the pattern in brown, white and different shades of beige. The ground is almost invariably a fine diagonal or twill.

Dark beige materials are marked in large plaids by crossing lines in red and white, or other colors, and another series of patterns is marked out in large chess-board squares dotted with tiny spots in silk; this is very lady-like, in dark blue-gray, with the spots in red and white forming broad lines on the chequers.

Some capital mixtures for tailor-made costumes are divided in chequers by an alteration in the weaving, the threads in the brightest color being so arranged that they form broken chequers on the chequered ground, but so softly blended with the ground that the whole effect is very subdued and quiet.

The chequers with plush stripes are extremely handsome; the plain ground is crossed in one direction by flat woven lines in different well-harmonized colors, and in the other direction, crossing the first at wide intervals, by broad bands formed of a number of narrow raised plush stripes in a different set of colors.

As an instance we may quote a pattern in which the ground is Russian gray, one of the most fashionable colors this season. This is barred with stripes of dark brown, red and white, interwoven with the gray ground, crossed by a band of plush stripes, three and a half inches wide altogether, in shades of brown and mastic.

Another charming new material has a shot-red and beige ground, with wide stripes formed of a series of narrow lines of red plush on a plain mastic silk band.

Plain woollen materials are also accompanied by a similar fabric striped in one direction with narrow white lines, and in the other direction with raised plush stripes in the same shade as the plain ground, thus giving a pretty chequered effect.

Some exquisite materials for garden-party toilettes, or bridesmaids' dresses, have a fine cream woollen ground, with round zodiac spots of shaded plush in various colors, green and red, green and pink, green and mauve, etc. These, with plain cream material to match, are very novel and lady-like.

Pekin woollens, in pale shades of beige and mastic, are also striped with broad bands of a species of fine Utrecht velvet in the same shade.

The silk and woollen fabrics are very varied, and are made in quiet dark colorings and also in very bright and gay shades.

A useful material in dark shades is accompanied by a camaieu pekin to correspond, with broche silk spots on the lighter stripe.

A decided novelty is a plain dark woollen material covered all over with a design in Holbein embroidery carried out with silk of various well-blended shades, such, for instance, as red and very pale pink on a navy-blue ground.

Fine woollen fabrics, of the nature of voile or mousseline de laine, are made up with the same material striped with wide silk bands ornamented with a broche design, the whole in the same color as the plain material.

A still lighter fabric is also figured with wide fancy stripes in silk; this is remarkably pretty in antique blue, with the stripes in white silk, and makes charming toilettes for young ladies.

Very pretty too are the little pompadour sprays in raised silk loops of many colors, on a plain light or dark ground, and the pompadour pekins, flat this time, but divided into narrow stripes by thick raised cord lines formed of loops of silk in mixed colors. These are made either striped throughout or in bands divided by plain material.

One last exquisite novelty remains to be described. This a moire and woollen pekin in white, cream and very pale colors; the wide woollen stripe resembles a fine crape, and down the centre runs a delicate garland of small flowers woven in red, blue, green, and other natural colored silks; the moire stripes are narrower and in a mixture of silk and wool. A plain crape-like woollen material is used with this, and the dresses thus composed are trimmed with bows and loops of moire ribbon to match.

The newest and most fashionable colors for woollen materials are very dark seal-brown, dark navy-blue, Russian green and Russian gray, the colors of the great coats worn by Russian soldiers, beige in light and dark shades, brick red, old blue, old violet, light and dark heliotrope, and a rather bright shade of mastic.

Promenade costumes acquire a considerable degree of elegance from the beauty of their passementerie ornaments. These garnitures are flat, and being often in the same color as the ground of the material, they are not very conspicuous.

Embroidery of various kinds is employed in the same way, and is always either in the same color as the dress material, or else in two or three shades of some neutral tint, such as beige, which harmonizes well with it.

To be thoroughly stylish the costume must be accompanied by a chapeau harmonizing with the dress and its ornaments; thus, supposing the costume to be blue with shaded beige ornaments of passementerie or embroidery, the capote will be made of beige lace, with a brim of blue velvet and an aigrette in which the two colors are combined, or else the draped crown will be blue and the brim beige embroidered with beads, the trimming consisting of flowers or feathers in which all the shades are combined.

Various styles are adopted for the large plaids, which for dressy toilettes are sometimes combined with velvet instead of plain woollen material.

One such costume is made of brown velvet and a lighter brown woollen material, the large chequers on which are formed of crossed lines in dark brown. The plain skirt is of velvet; over this is a kind of sleeveless polonaise of the woollen plaid, with plain fronts fastened with gold buttons to below the waist, and ornamented at the neck with a simulated pointed yoke of beaded passementerie. The left front of the polonaise forms a draped tunic, ending on the left side under the back drapery, and on the right side under the wide, long redingote panel in which the polonaise terminates on this side. The long back drapery is gracefully arranged, and falls in a loop and long straight end on the left side, and in vague folds on the right. With this is worn a velvet casaque, widely open in front, short and open at the back to the waist, to allow room for the drapery, and falling at the sides in long square basques. All the edges and the sleeves are trimmed with beaded passementerie. The collar is of plain velvet, with a point in front fitting into the pointed yoke.

The plaid is, however, also sometimes used for the skirt, as in a very stylish costume for a young lady, in shades of beige and brown. The costume in this case is completed by a polonaise of plain beige material fastened diagonally to the left side, where the draping is quaintly obtained by knotting the two sides together, the pointed ends, enclosed in long beige passementerie sockets, falling low on the skirt. A small plastron and deep parements on the gathered sleeves are of the plaid material.

Pelerines, with and without hoods are almost as fashionable as jackets for young ladies' wear. The jackets are made of many varieties of fancy cloth, with false waistcoats or puffed plastrons of a lighter material, usually some description of silk.

[illegible] and Fads.

THE WASTE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

One of the first steps to take if we wish to avoid waste is to spend money in buying necessary utensils for storing and keeping food, if these are really needed. It is a great waste to attempt to dispense with suitable receptables for sugar and groceries of all kinds.

The good rule, "have a place for everything, and put everything in its place," leads to economy as well as to order. What can be more wasteful than to allow tea, coffee, spices, and other articles whose value lies in their favor or aroma, to become tasteless and musty through being left in the paper in which they were sent home, instead of being put into a canister at once and tightly covered?

What waste, too, there is in leaving bread-pans without lids, vinegar bottles, essences and sauces uncorked, and jams and pickles in an open glass.

I have known cooks make a practice of bringing out their entire supply of butter every time they required a small slice, and allowing the dish containing it to remain in the hot kitchen for hours to melt away or become dusty, instead of putting a little upon a clean plate, as required.

Butter bought by the half-pound, sent home in paper, and kept in this same paper in a warm place, does not "go" nearly so far as would the same weight of butter turned into a basin, covered with salted water, and kept in a cool place.

We are all to an extent the slaves of our imagination, and the mere fact that there is a quantity of food "to go at" will make people lavish, who would be sparing if their eyes did not rest upon abundance.

Who likes to use treacle that is dusty? Or jam and marmalade which is dry and candied through exposure to the air? The cheese which comes up dry and cracked, and is tossed aside, might have been used to the last particle if it had been put away properly, and covered with a damp towel or cloth.

The joint which is fly-blown and tainted might have been sweet and delicious if it had been laid upon a clean dish as soon as it left the table, and put into the meat safe. There is scarcely an article of daily food which may not be wasted through want of care, and it is false economy to begrudge the outlay which is required to preserve food in good condition, safe from dust, insects, and vermin.

The lack of proper utensils for cooking, is a frequent cause of waste. An insufficient number of saucepans, for example, leads to all sorts of food being cooked in the same pan, which injures the flavor, and to hurry and bustle, the cause of many a dish being spoilt. We may take it for granted that food spoilt in cooking is almost certain to be food lost and wasted. The cake or pudding which is burnt, the soup which is smoked, the fish or meat which is under dressed, will probably be got rid of as speedily as possible, for it is nothing but an annoyance and disgrace. A knowledge of cookery, therefore, is one way of avoiding waste.

Besides this there are one or two domestic appliances which are a great help to economy. Amongst these are a sausage machine, by means of which scraps can be minced for serving a second time, which would otherwise be useless; a rotary grater for grating bread and vegetables to the last particle; a chopper for breaking up bones or joints, so that they can be more perfectly stewed; a digester, in which bones and vegetables may be made to yield their nutriment to the utmost. Yet the possession of these aids to economy involves additional work.

It is always well to recollect that the more appliances we have the more there are to keep clean. Cooks are sometimes very ready to grumble because they have not this, that, or the other article; forgetting that wealth has its duties as well as its privileges, and that utensils which are allowed to become rusty and dirty are no satisfaction and no help to any one.

One means of avoiding waste is to refrain from buying either more or less food than is actually needed. This seems so obvious that it is almost ridiculous to mention it; yet it is astonishing what a difference there is in girls in this respect. Some girls, when marketing, will always buy more than is required; then the surplus is in danger of being wasted. Others buy rather less than is required; then the deficiency has to be made up with an extra, and extras are almost always more costly than ordinary fare.

It should be understood that stint is not economy—it has to be made up in extraordinary ways; while true economy is liberal and renders stint unnecessary. The habit of ordering goods, instead of going to the market and choosing them for ourselves, is also a great source of waste, because it so often leads to our having sent us food which does not at all answer our purpose.

Those who wish to avoid waste must make up their minds to give a little trouble to the business. In the first instance it is much easier to be wasteful than it is to be careful, although in the long run much trouble is saved by systematic methods. Above all things strict supervision and forethought are needed if waste is to be avoided.

Confidential Correspondents.

U. S. A.—We cannot insert your composition.

IZIE NENDICK.—We are sorry we cannot find room for your lines.

M. F.—There are five only; hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, smelling. Hunger and thirst are impulses, not senses.

READER.—In ardua is Latin for "To the steep places;" "Vivit post funera virtus" for "Virtue lives after the last rites."

MEMBER.—Sunday is the first day of the week—the day on which Our Lord rose from the dead. The Jewish Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, and the Gospels expressly tell us that the women went to the sepulchre "when the Sabbath was past," and "very early in the morning on the first day of the week."

EXCELSIOR.—You need not be vexed because you seem to read slowly. So long as your mind retains what it receives, you may be content to read less than the majority of people, who read a great deal too much. The mind was not intended to be a sieve—as in these days of popular literature it usually is—but rather a tablet.

INTERESTED.—The small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland, are French possessions, and French is spoken in them. The extent of the two is 906 square miles, and the population is 5,534. The trade is entirely connected with the fishing industry. The governor is appointed by the Home Government in France.

DISPATCH.—A morganatic marriage is a union between a prince or princess of the blood royal and a commoner. Unless royal consent is given to such a marriage it is illegal, and is called morganatic. The children of such marriages are illegitimate in the eye of the law, but may generally be found in very good positions as they grow up.

TOM BROWN.—You are quite right and your friend is quite wrong. The sun crosses the line only twice a year, in March and September. If it crossed four times, then six months would be a year, with spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Look the question up in any geography book, and try to make your unfortunate friend see it and understand it.

E. GRIMES.—1. You seem sure of many things. For example, you have decided that the kingdom of Christ will come in the year 1907. We cannot really imitate your superb confidence, nor in this column enter into a detailed discussion with you, for to many readers the subjects which you handle so confidently are held to be no matters for rough argument.

J. S.—With ordinary intelligence, you may very well learn phonography without any assistance except from books if you once grasp the fundamental principle of the system—that words are written as they are pronounced; not as they are spelt. If, however, you encounter any difficulty in the early stages, take half a dozen lessons from some competent person.

J. H. H.—1. On no account write to him or see him again. Nothing on earth could be more undignified. His conduct shows that he does not care for you, and you ought not to make the slightest advances to him. If he apologises for his disgraceful conduct and asks you to forgive him, it is for yourself to decide whether or not you will continue to receive his attentions; but, for our own part, we have no hesitation in saying you are well quit of a disagreeable fellow. 2. We do not know.

F. E.—Fathers are not usually as severe as you fear that your father will be towards hard-working young men of good character, who are anxious to marry their daughters. Probably your best plan is to tell your father the whole story yourself, after talking the matter over with your lover. Explain that you are willing to wait—a lover who is a good son and brother is usually worth waiting for—and even if your father is a little stern at first, he will soon relent when he sees that you and your lover are really in earnest.

FAB.—The word "Jerusalem," in the phrase "Jerusalem artichoke," is supposed to be a corruption of the Italian girasole, a sunflower. We never for a moment imagined, or thought it possible any one else could imagine, that the name of the town Jerusalem had anything to do with girasole, or any other Italian expression. The facts of the case are simply these. The Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazilian species of sunflower; it was introduced into Italy about two hundred and fifty years ago, and was there known as the girasole articocco, or "sunflower artichoke." This last name was corrupted in English into "Jerusalem artichoke," and, to complete the blunder, the soup made from it is commonly called "Palestine soup."

DOLT.—It is true for all it seems so odd to you. A finger laid upon an oar, or the gunwale of an overturned boat, or a board, or almost any floating substance, will sustain the human body in calm water. Persons who have been properly taught, and have acquired the habit of acting with self-possession in the water when they are upset, do not attempt to climb upon the overturned boat, but simply take hold of it and quietly support themselves. A boat half filled with water, or completely overturned, will support as many persons as can get their hands upon the gunwale, if they behave quietly. In a case of accident, a person who understands and acts in accordance with these facts would stand a better chance of being saved, even if he were a poor swimmer, than an expert swimmer would stand who should lose his presence of mind.

P. L.—You have no cause for fear or regret. Such clever boys lead their classes and take the prizes, and are looked upon by parents and friends as the ones who will be certain to lead in the great school of life and secure its chief rewards. This illusion is usually kept up for a few years; but as time goes on, and the affairs of life become more onerous and complex, the men whose good memories and superficial brightness of intellect have given them the lead begin to fall behind. It begins to be apparent that, in the end, the prizes of actual life are to be won by men who are strong as to common sense, industry, patience, fortitude, moral principle, obedience to the requirements of their situation, faithfulness in the discharge of their duties, and the ability to mind their own business and keep a guard over their tongues. A man who is endowed with these qualities is apt to succeed in the long run, even if he is so destitute of ability as to be looked upon as rather dull of mind; but if, in addition to these indispensable attributes, he is also bright and keen, his success in life is about as sure as any such thing can be.